HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVI.—No. 790.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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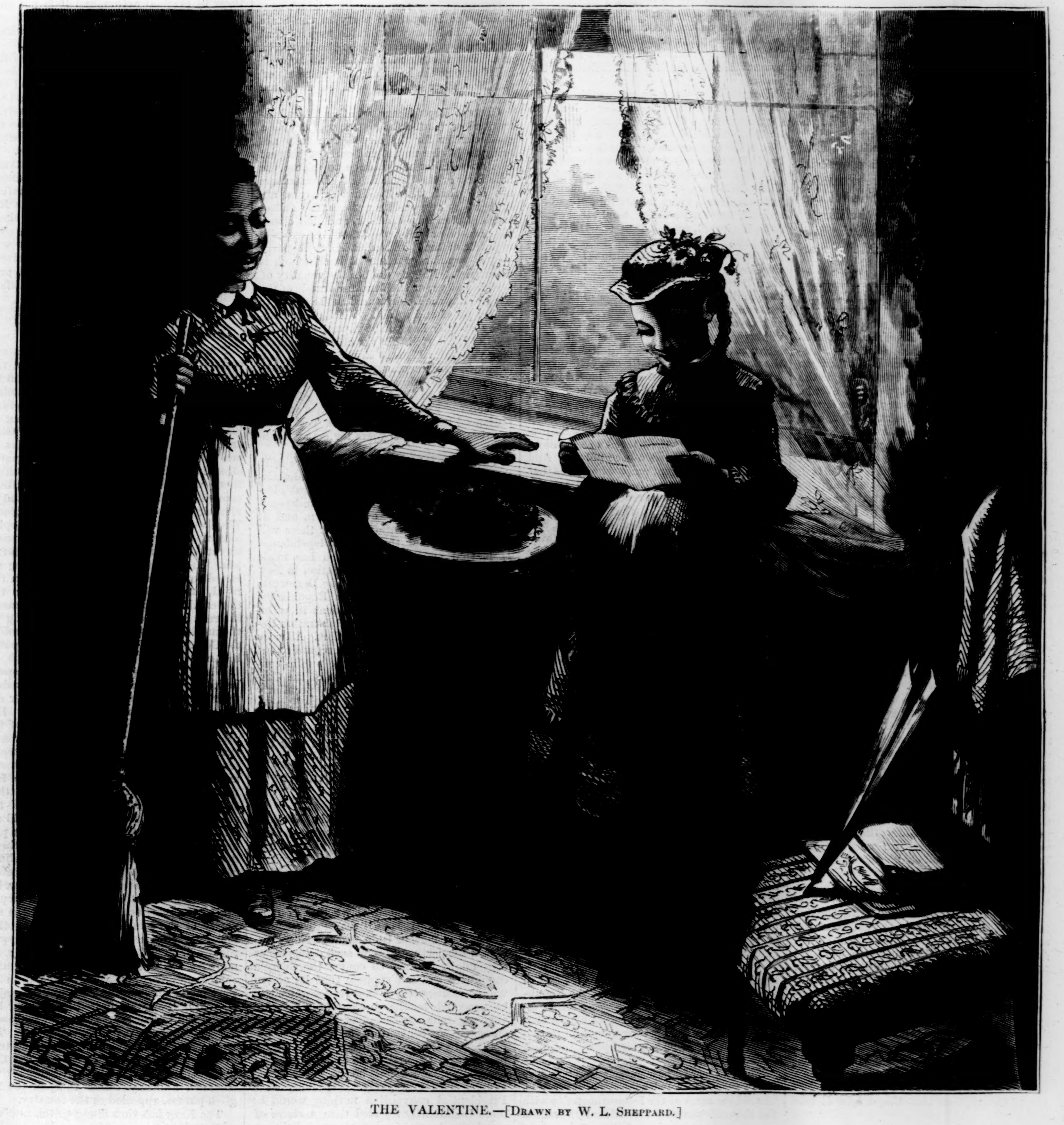
THE VALENTINE.

Let those who make the mistake of supposing that the custom of sending valentines has fallen into disuse inquire of the busy postman, whose tired feet may testify of the thousand messages of love borne by them to as many sighing maidens fair and youths of hearts susceptible. It is true that the higher class of society has altogether abandoned this sort of literature, and many of the middle class have done the same, but this fact has not in the least diminished the demand. The sale at the leading dépôts in this city and elsewhere is larger than ever, we are told, and the Post-office revenue from this source unsurpassed. The character of the trade has greatly changed, however; in proof of which one need only refer to the miserable daubs in our shop windows. Instead of the richly figured sheet with modest love-verse once in vogue, we have scarcely any thing but the coarse caricature with vulgar verse. Unfortunately the circulation of these vile prints is not limited to the degraded creatures whose tastes are gratified by their perusal, but are sent under cover of the mails into many a household whose ladies are insulted by their reception.

But there is also a bright side to the picture. The number of those who still cling to the time-honored custom is, indeed, few, compared with the many who have abandoned it, but they have an existence, nevertheless, and we are bound to take notice of them, for they are of unquestioned respectability. These are they who exclaim, with each recurrence of the festival:

> "Valentine's Day! All hail! all hail!
> Long may thy power o'er mortals prevail!
> Valentine's Day! Valentine's Day!
> Cupid's own holiday! Valentine's Day!"

To this class belongs the fortunate Dinah of



THE VALENTINE.—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]

our picture, who stands, broom in hand, with dilated eyes and broadest grin of pleasure, while she listens to the reading of Joe's valentine by her little "missy," who has just returned from school. If every missive sent were as pure in sentiment as this of Joe's, then, indeed, would the day be honored.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 17, 1872.

MR. FARJEON'S NEW STORY.

☞ The announcement of another thrilling story from the pen of Mr. Farjeon, the celebrated English novelist, upon whom the mantle of Charles Dickens is believed to have fallen, will be hailed with delight the world over. The production of two such wonderful tales of fiction as his "Joshua Marvel" and his "Blade-o'-Grass" stamps him as a writer of rare genius, who deserves to be ranked among the foremost of his contemporaries. There is a strange fascination about his pages that enchains the reader from first to last—the interest being fully sustained throughout; and when at length the end of the story is reached, the desire to read it again is irresistible. The new tale is entitled

"LONDON'S HEART,"

and, as its name would indicate, is drawn from life in the Great Metropolis. It is commenced in Harper's Bazar of February 24, and will be continued in serial form until the end. We have no hesitation in saying that it is destined to create a profound sensation in the literary world, unrivaled, perhaps, since the days of "David Copperfield's" first appearance.

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

The convention of those who call themselves the Liberal Republicans of Missouri, and their call for a national convention of all who sympathize with them, to meet at Cincinnati on the 6th of May, is the most significant of recent political events. The call does not propose any action for the convention. But as the resolutions denounce "the growing encroachments of the Executive power," and are plainly pointed at certain measures of Republican policy and at the President, and demand that a class which the resolutions describe be swept from power, there can be no doubt whatever that the call to Cincinnati is a warning served upon the Philadelphia convention, and that the Cincinnati assembly will be an army of observation. It is probably assumed that by the 1st of May the results of the Philadelphia convention can be foreseen. The action at Cincinnati can then be positive without being conclusive. Probably no nomination will be made, but the convention, having displayed the strength upon which it can rely, will state its demands and expectations, and adjourn to await the action at Philadelphia. It would then be an army of menace as well as of observation.

The Republican leaders of this movement undoubtedly incur a very great responsibility. The convention at Cincinnati must make distinct declarations. If they are not adopted in substance by the regular Republican convention, the Cincinnati assembly must either surrender or bolt. That it will surrender can hardly be supposed. If it bolts and nominates a separate ticket, with a fair prospect of seriously dividing the Republican vote in the country, the Democrats will probably nominate an unconditional Democrat with a good chance of success. If, on the other hand, there is no promise of a large secession from the regular Republican camp, the Democrats will incline to "passivity" and a silent coalition with Cincinnati. If the result were the defeat of the regular Republican nomination, the Democrats, whether the coalition candidate were previously known as a Republican or not, would return to power. In any view, therefore, the Missouri movement is full of danger for the Republican party, and consequently for the country.

There are unquestionably Republicans who deplore much that Congress has done, and who are seriously opposed to the renomination of the President. The natural course for them would seem to be to carry the National Convention, that they might dictate the platform and nominate the candidates. But to summon an earlier convention is to declare that they do not believe themselves to be a majority, or that they fear the Philadelphia convention will not honestly represent the party. If the former supposition be correct, they are merely factious. If the latter, they assume what they can not possibly prove, and what is most improbable. But if, notwithstanding the improbability, such was confessedly the result, it would be time enough when the fact appeared to protest, and to withdraw from the convention. Certainly government by party can not be carried on if the will of the majority of the party may not determine its general policy and its Presidential candidates.

No man, indeed, is bound to be a mere partisan, nor to surrender his independence, his principles, or his views of a just and wise national policy. But every man must decide in politics when he values certain measures more than the dominance of a party which is not, indeed, hostile to those measures, but which estimates their vital importance differently. In other words, he must decide when he thinks the time has come for the dissolution or defeat of the party. For if the friends of the Cincinnati convention claim that they only mean to suggest, not to threaten, they must also say whether they mean to acquiesce should their suggestions not be adopted. If the intention is to propose terms upon which they will support the Philadelphia nominations, what are they but a minority aiming to control a majority by the threat of defection? They are unquestionably as sincere as others, and their attitude shows plainly that they are disposed to think the adoption of their views more important than the continued ascendency of the party.

But can they sincerely expect that any of the evils which their resolutions at Jefferson City denounce will be more surely remedied by the Democratic party, or by any party in which the Democratic element is overpowering? For what could a Cincinnati candidate be but a figure-head? If, as the Chicago *Times* declares, nine-tenths of the Democrats in the country expect to vote for a Republican candidate for President, would that candidate, if elected, expect that the Democrats who had supported him would renounce their political opinions and traditions? Would they be any the less Democrats? Is the Chicago *Times* a newspaper which such a candidate could regard as an expositor of his opinions and purposes? The Liberal Republicans, we are told, carried Missouri. But their victory placed the author of the Brodhead letter in the Senate of the United States. In the same way they might carry the country, but it would give the government to the Democrats. Do the minority of the Republican party—and if they are not the minority, why do they not mould the Philadelphia convention to their will?—insist that the majority shall accept their terms or submit to the return of the Democrats to power? And if so, are these the gentlemen who tell us that they are not permitted to hold and express their opinions and preferences?

If, indeed, they think that the time has come for a reconstruction of parties, and that it is better the candidate of the Philadelphia convention should be defeated if he be not their preference, or if he be the one Republican to whom they are opposed, those of us who think otherwise, and who feel that the defeat of the Philadelphia candidate will be the defeat of the hope of Republican administration, can only appeal to the candor and intelligence of the country. The American people know the history of the last twelve years. Through all the fury of partisan rhetoric, both Republican and Democratic, they know what it is necessary to maintain, and what the moral influence of Republican defeat must be upon the national welfare.

Let them read the resolutions calling the Cincinnati convention, and ask themselves whether the Democratic party, whether "passive" or "active"—whether voting for a candidate who has been always a Democrat, or for one who is called a Republican—will more honorably and conscientiously maintain "the rightful sovereignty of the Union, emancipation, equality of civil rights, or enfranchisement" than the Republican party. Will the Democratic party more genuinely reform the tariff or the civil service, or abuse patronage less, than the Republican party? Will the Democratic party "guard the rights of all citizens more securely," or limit Executive power more surely, or coerce or bribe less, or seat fewer illegal members of Congress, or resort less to unconstitutional legislation than the Republican party? Would a victory of the Democratic party be "an uprising of honest citizens to sweep from power men who prostitute the name of an honored party to selfish interests?"

The project of a new party and a new policy in the present political situation is idle. Should the mass of the Democrats unite with the Republicans who conditionally threaten to repudiate the action of the regular party convention at Philadelphia, some of the remaining Democrats would refuse to vote, some would support a "straight" Democrat, and some would vote for General Grant. But practically the alternative in the election of 1872 is a Republican or a Democratic success. The result will be a Republican Administration founded upon a Republican majority with all its chances, or an Administration founded upon a coalition of which the Democrats would be the mainspring.

THE DUTY OF THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK.

When the Tammany Ring was broken by the union of honest men it was understood that the first duty of an honest Legislature, whether Republican or Democratic, would be to frame a new and reasonable charter for the city of New York; and when the returns of the election showed that the Republicans were in a great majority, it was evident upon whom the responsibility lay. That responsibility has thus far been evaded. The action of the Legislature has not been what all honest men in the country had a right to demand. The interests and victories of factions in the dominant party have taken precedence of considerations of the public welfare. But we beg the Republican members of the Legislature to remember that in their action the party is on trial. The utter corruption of the Tammany Ring which controlled the Democratic party in the State had inclined many honorable men of that party to look with favor upon the Republicans. But if such men can see no hope of relief among the Republicans, the result of the November election will be a barren victory.

Can not Republicans, whether "Administration" or "anti-Administration," devise a good charter for the city? Can they not bring to justice unjust and corrupt judges? Has no member the courage to expose the Erie Ring or the Canal Ring? Do members not see that when positive charges are brought by responsible persons, the fullest investigation should follow, and that either the accused or the accuser should be exposed to public odium? Indeed, it is not the party—it is popular government itself which is upon trial. Nobody doubts the venality of certain judges, or the immense frauds of the Ring. But the Legislature has the power to collect proof and to act. What great Tammany offender has yet been punished? Indeed, it is asserted that the chief of them all may yet claim his seat in the Senate. Is a popular government, even under the inspiration of such a feeling as that of the autumn, incompetent to deal with such offenses? We sneer at France; but France has at least sentenced its late consul in New York to an imprisonment of two years for corrupt jobbery.

The public mind is at this time more fully aroused upon the subject of honest administration than ever before. At the last election in New York there was more independent voting than was ever known, and at the Presidential election of 1872 there will be very much of the same independence. It is that consciousness which has made the late Custom-house investigation in New York what we have seen. The Democrats and the anti-Administration Republicans hoped to implicate the President in collusion with knavery. The Administration Republicans hoped to baffle the effort. All sides felt that the public verdict, in regard to the party, would depend upon the public conviction that the administration of the Custom-house had or had not been peculiarly corrupt. In the same way, if the Republican Legislature shows itself slow or reluctant in doing the work which it was elected to do, the people will settle with it at the polls.

SEVEN GENTLEMEN FROM GEORGIA.

Almost before the call of the National Republican Convention was issued, the Republican State Committee of Georgia appointed delegates, and among them several of its own members. We can not learn that there is any thing in the customs or traditions of political management in Georgia which makes a precedent for this extraordinary action. It is as if the State committees of New York or Ohio should quietly disregard the party, and send such delegates as they might prefer. Of course the Georgia committee can not suppose that its action will be undisputed, or that its delegates will be accepted by the convention without a very vigorous exposition of all the circumstances. A convention of delegates appointed by State committees elected in the preceding year, and without authority for the action, would not be of great moral weight with any party. Especially in a Presidential convention nothing would be more impatiently rejected than a claim of regularity involving a disregard of the ordinary methods of ascertaining the preferences of the party.

Regularity, however, would probably be the claim of the delegates of the Georgia committee. They would insist that a regular committee represented the regular organization, and that a convention called without their authority could not be recognized by the National Convention. But this argument is swiftly disposed of. For it is really the assertion that the committee is the party, and that whatever it does, authorized or unauthorized, must be regarded as the regular party action. But if the committee should appoint the delegates to the State Convention to nominate a Governor, would it expect its action to be ratified? The committee is the agent of the party to arrange convenient times and means for the action of the party. It is not the attorney of the party for any purpose whatever. The action of the Georgia committee, therefore, in appointing delegates to Philadelphia, is as void as if it had nominated a Governor. Indeed, the proceeding becomes more extraordinary as the facts appear. For it is now stated that at the meeting of the committee nine members were present in person and fourteen by proxy, and that the nine personally present appointed seven of themselves as delegates! The alternative for the party is to yield all its rights to this committee, or to reclaim them by original action, and it is not surprising that a convention of Republicans has been called for the 22d of May, which will undoubtedly reorganize the party.

The managers of this performance of the Georgia committee profess to be favorable to the renomination of the President, and the seven gentlemen, having elected themselves delegates, proceeded to instruct themselves to use all honorable means to secure the renomination. But if any thing can defeat that result it will be conduct like this. It is a trick which we trust that the convention will expose. When the self-appointed seven present themselves the convention will ask for their credentials from the Republicans of Georgia. But if they can show only the authority of the committee, the convention will ask when that authority was conferred, and from whom it was derived. The gentlemen from Georgia should be prepared to answer those questions satisfactorily

THE PROSPECT IN SPAIN.

The political situation in France is uncertain, because so much depends upon the life of one old man. But that in Spain is, perhaps, hardly less doubtful. The coming of the King has not proved to be the return of peace, and it would not be surprising to hear of fresh trouble at any moment. General Prim had combined three tendencies in one party, and the united vote of that party elected the King. But when Prim was killed there was no leader strong and skillful enough to hold the party together, and it virtually separated into three divisions. They were all monarchists, but their opinions ranged from an almost reactionary conservatism to an almost republican liberalism. In forming his ministry the King selected representatives of all opinions in the royal party. But there were also in the Cortes the Carlists, the Isabella dynastic interest, and the republicans. So long as the monarchists were united they controlled the Cortes, but with their separation trouble began.

While Serrano was minister the republicans opposed the government, and pushed their hostility so far that the minister declared it to be virtually revolutionary. But as universal suffrage and the freedom of the press are secured by the constitution, he said that such opposition clearly did not represent the nation, because it was not that of a majority, and that consequently it was factious. Castelar admitted, in reply, that the republicans feared the purpose of the ministry, but he stated that they would acquiesce in a monarchical ministry less pronounced or more liberal. Serrano thereupon resigned, and a more liberally inclined cabinet succeeded. That also sank before new combinations; and at last Sagasta became Prime Minister. But he, again, represented the reactionary element and the minority of the King's party, and upon that fact appearing in the Cortes, the King prorogued it. The Cortes again assembling, the ministry was again defeated. The ordinary constitutional course would have been for the King to summon the leaders of the majority. But they were united in nothing but opposition to Sagasta, and could not possibly act together as a Government. The King, therefore, convinced that he had tried every ministry possible in the existing Cortes, dissolved that body, and retained the Sagasta ministry, which thus, in the English phrase, appealed to the country.

The King has thus clung to the ministry of the minority of his friends. The elections are in April. The liberal monarchists and the republicans are disposed to await the result at the polls, but there is a general fear that the Government will tamper with the vote. The liberal monarchists are discouraged by what seems to be the reactionary disposition of the King. If this discouragement should go so far as to throw them into an alliance with the republicans, and after an election in which the country had acquiesced there should be a vote of want of confidence in the King, so to speak, in the Cortes, those who know Amadeus well believe that he would resign his royalty and retire. If, however, there should be trouble before the Cortes assembles, he would undoubtedly meet force with force. The leaders of the republicans and liberal monarchists in Spain are men of high character and admirable accomplishments, and they have not the frenzied impatience of a French opposition, which always wishes to encounter an adverse vote by barricades. They understand the conditions of constitutional liberty. But they have to deal not only with each other, but with an ignorant people, a priesthood, the Carlists, and the party of the Queen. If the elections which are appointed for April shall be peacefully held, and the result accepted by the country, the prospects of Spain will be more hopeful than they have been for many years.

SPINNING THEORIES.

During the amnesty debate in the Senate there were a great many sneers about "fine-spun theories" and "statesmanship," as if great principles in public affairs were of small account, or as if statesmanship were any thing else than the application of great principles to the actual situation. This sneering tone against "philosophy" and "fine ideas" is akin to that which flouts education as an important consideration in the public service. "Does it follow," says one of the most scornful objectors, "that a man will be a good inspector in the Custom-house because he knows how deep the ocean is at its greatest depth?" No; it does not. And now will the objector answer. "Does it follow that a man will be a good inspector in the Custom-house because he brought up all the paralytic voters in his district to vote for the honorable objector?" No; again it does not. And that is as far as the objector cares to conduct the argument.

This impatience of principle and intelligence is not a good sign in a republic which can hope for permanence only as they shall be its corner-stones. Great statesmen have never been great theorizers, but statesmen have been great only as they conformed their conduct of affairs to what are contemptuously called theories. A late and striking example is Sir Robert Peel. He was certainly a typical Englishman of the most practical kind. But the great act of his life, and the one which makes him honored in history, although it cost him his place, was his adoption of the fine-spun theories and political philosophy of the corn-law visionaries. It is a mistake to suppose that a nation will necessarily be wisely governed or a party shrewdly led by men who think that a prejudice is better than a principle, and that the contemptible intrigues of caucuses and bar-rooms are the true American schools of statesmanship.

Every fundamental question in politics such as that which was involved in the amnesty debate—namely, the wisest method of dealing with conquered enemies of the state—has plenty of precedents. It is, therefore, possibly, almost as good a method for statesmen treating such a question to see what the result of various methods has been in history as to spin a theory out of their small experience and angry passions. The real spinner of theories is not the educated statesman who chastens his own convictions and enlarges his knowledge by ascertaining what other nations in other times have done in the situation in which he finds himself, but his colleague who refuses to do this. Mr. Sumner, for instance, is derided as an idealogue. It is sometimes caustically said that he has in some form voted against most of the great measures of reconstruction. But if he be an idealogue, his idea, long laughed at, is now the policy of those who sneer at him. And the men who used to deride him as a pedant and a sophomoric theorist have either fallen before his idea in arms, or live to bark at him like toothless dogs.

Common-sense, indeed, is an essential part of statesmanship. But nothing shows less of it than assailing with sneers at theories an opponent who has planted his argument upon human nature and experience. The wisdom of Burke in his defense of the colonies is conceded. Lord Chatham said that if England conquered America she would fall upon her own sword. But Dr. Johnson and the country squires thought that taxation was no tyranny, and that their theory should be pushed to its logical result. And it was so, but the result differed from their expectation. When gentlemen accuse others of theorizing, therefore, it is merely an expression of their intolerance of the theories of other people. "My friend, the good Tweed, is the type of this world. He is only a little more audacious than the rest." He who says this smiles at spinners of theories. But his own theory is the saddest ever spun.

THE DECLARATION AND THE CONSTITUTION.

The relation of the Declaration of Independence to the Constitution is one of the interesting points raised in the late political debates in the Senate. The different view of the question now held from that which has been accepted for more than a generation, is one of the most cheerful signs of the political times. It is not twenty years since the Declaration was called "a self-evident lie." Mr. Rufus Choate described it as full of "glittering generalities," and "the passionate manifesto of a revolutionary war." Senator Carpenter now says that in the heat of *extempore* speech he himself also called it a "revolutionary pronunciamento." Indeed, it was the natural tendency of the epoch in which slavery was supreme, and sought to make itself the fundamental law, to belittle the declaration that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The principle that the Constitution must be interpreted by the Declaration was greeted in the unwholesome era of slavery with a laugh of contempt. The Declaration was considered a rhetorical flourish of men who held slaves, and who meant to hold them. The Constitution was a well-considered fundamental law. But that the men who made the Declaration held slaves, and meant to hold them, in the sense in which that assertion was made twenty years ago, is untrue. And the fundamental law was determined by those who had accepted the Declaration, and many of the illustrious signers of the latter also signed the former. Indeed, the relation of the Declaration to the Constitution is really, as Mr. Sumner says, very much that of Magna Charta to the British Constitution. It states the principles by the light of which the Constitution must be interpreted. It is not to be supposed that the men who in 1776 declared certain political truths to be self-evident, in 1787 founded a government upon principles antagonistic to self-evident truths.

Wherever, therefore, there is doubt in the instrument, it is to be understood as intending liberty and equality before the law. And this goes farther than Senator Carpenter would allow. He says that when a question arises, and, upon inquiry, it is believed that the Constitution intended to accomplish a certain end antagonistic to the Declaration, the principles of the Declaration must be disregarded. But the question is of doubt. If it disappears before investigation, the inconsistency must be conceded. But if obscurity remains, the Declaration must bind the Constitution. In a word, the Declaration of Independence can not be dismissed as a piece of revolutionary rhetoric, but it must be received as a declaration of the political faith of the fathers who framed the Constitution; and, therefore, the latter must be interpreted always by the light of the former.

PERSONAL.

The benighted followers of the Romish Church in Philadelphia are greatly exercised over a prophecy uttered by one of their saints nearly a century ago, that there should be total darkness on three days of the present month, and that no means of light should be successful in overcoming it unless previously blessed by the priests. This has made a lively scene in the candle business, and has kept the pastors engaged in doing little else than "blessing" dips. So great has been the excitement arising therefrom that the bishop has been compelled to issue a circular letter in order to calm the fears of the faithful. Perhaps if the Romanists had not tried so hard to kill our public schools, they would have been educated to have less faith in such foolish stories.

—George Lincoln, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, has bought the falls of Minnehaha and one hundred acres of land adjoining, with a view to making it a summer resort. A few years ago a member of the Porter family, of Niagara, was in Europe, and occasionally was spoken of, wonderingly, as the owner of Niagara Falls. The American portion of the falls, including Goat and Iris islands, is still, we believe, the property of the family.

—Precisely where Prince Metternich stands as to French imperialism may be inferred from the fact that at a farewell dinner lately given by him to a party of fourteen imperialists, Count Persigny responded to the toast for the Emperor and Empress, saying that he certainly expected the Austrian embassador back in Paris before June, as the spring would not pass without witnessing the return of the Emperor.

—Baron d'Offenberg, who is at last officially gazetted as minister to this country, is now in his prime, being about forty years of age, and regarded as one of the cleverest of Russia's younger diplomats. He is a graduate of the Military Academy of St. Petersburg, and his writings on military affairs procured him a place on the general staff of the Russian army, and some time after an appointment in the War Department, where he remained during the Crimean war. He was then for several years attached to the imperial household as adjutant of the emperor, and subsequently directed the military studies of the two eldest sons of the Czar. In his thirty-sixth year he joined the Russian legation at Constantinople, and remained thenceforth in the diplomatic service of Russia. The success with which he performed a number of difficult missions procured him rapid promotion. He was successively secretary of legation in Vienna, diplomatic agent in Paris and Berlin, and finally consul-general at Bucharest, and political agent of Russia in the Danubian Principalities, where he performed difficult duties with such success that both his own government and the people of Roumania were greatly pleased with him.

—Professor Huxley has gone to Egypt for his health. His incessant work during the last few years has strained his constitution and by-laws, and absolute repose is imposed by his physicians.

—On the 27th of this month the Queen of Great Britain, for the first time, we believe, during her reign, will go in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to render thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. Of course the Prince will be there. It is a stately religious ceremonial; but as the Queen and her son are great public personages, there seems no reason why they should not express, by a formal and public act, a thankfulness which they share with the nation, and which is greatly enhanced by the strength of the national feeling displayed.

—General Sherman is made much of in Madrid. King Amadeus and the queen dined him in right royal style; and young Mr. Adee, of this city, secretary of legation and chargé d'affaires, gave him a banquet, at which assisted the ministers of Foreign Affairs, Marine, and Colonies, and that most brilliant of all the orators of Europe, Señor Castelar. The ball subsequently given at the legation was just the delightful sort of entertainment that a bright, cultivated, astute young diplomat like Mr. Adee might be expected to give.

—The marriage of Secretary Robeson occasioned much pleasant badinage in Washington. The Washington *Capital* gives this affecting narrative of the last bachelor hours of our principal tar: "Mr. Cadwallader regarded his friend with great anxiety, and at intervals of twenty minutes asked him how he felt by that time. The gallant Secretary responded that he was composed and prepared for the worst. At 8 A.M. he breakfasted heartily, eating a broiled capon, two sweet-breads, and some genuine old New Jersey buckwheat cakes. Mr. Cadwallader was encouraged to see with what energy and appetite he ate his last meal in this bachelor life of his. After breakfast he was again asked by Mr. Cadwallader how he felt. He replied, in a firm voice, 'Better.' A thrill of admiration ran through the little crowd at this heroic conduct. At nine he called his friends and relatives about him, and, in a beautiful and touching manner, gave his night-key to his brother. The scene was so affecting that Cadwallader actually shed tears. He then gave to his friend Cad a package of F Street car tickets, saying, 'These may be of use to you, my dear fellow, when I am gone.' It was observed that his voice trembled for the first time."

—Mr. Vernon Harcourt is pleased to compliment the House of Commons by saying that it is like an army or a pack of hounds: its behavior depends very much on those who have the conduct of it.

—Mr. Glashier, the aeronaut, has noticed that the voice of a woman is audible in a balloon at the height of about two miles, while that of a man can only be heard at half that distance.

—Adjutant-General Baker, of Iowa, has sent a rare and curious volume to be sold for charitable objects in Chicago. It is a concordance of the Bible in Hebrew, Greek, and German, written between 1650 and 1669, and published by permission of Charles, Emperor of Germany, and Augustus, Rex of Poland. It is in two folio volumes bound in one, with thick boards and leather and brass clasps, containing some 2200 pages, issued at Leipsic and Frankfort, first volume in 1718 and second volume in 1742. The author, who was one of the learned scholars of the day, was Fredrick Lanckish, but it seems that he died before the book saw the light.

—Mr. Gladstone has stated to the people of Great Britain what the cost of tippling is to each head in the kingdom. The gross amount is $500,000,000 per annum, or about $13 for each man, woman, and child. And this tippling brings to the government a yearly revenue of $150,000,000.

—The Hon. James B. Beck, of Kentucky, in a debate a few days since on the Indian Appropriation bill, expressed the opinion that the Indian policy of President Grant is the best the country has ever had under any administration. Mr. Beck is one of the ablest men in Congress, and was a prominent candidate for the United States Senate against Mr. M'Creery. He was born in Scotland fifty years ago, and came to this country when sixteen years of age, graduated at Transylvania University, and soon commenced the practice of the law. He is one of the strongest debaters in the House, and is highly esteemed by members of all parties.

—Mr. Ferry, the young United States Senator from Michigan, is a large dealer in lumber at Chicago. The writer was in Washington a few days since, and listened to a debate in the Senate on a bill proposing to admit certain building materials to the port of Chicago duty free. In that debate General Logan, of Illinois, mentioned an incident very creditable to Senator Ferry. "Sir," said General L., "Senator Ferry was in Chicago at the time of the fire. He is a great lumber dealer there. How was he actuated to perform his duty toward the distressed and suffering of that city? When the lumber merchants met together, and it was proposed to advance the price of lumber four dollars per thousand feet at once, the young Senator said, 'No, gentlemen, my lumber shall not be increased one cent; I will sell at the original price.' And he was the only man who did it."

—William Allen, of Ohio, is the sole survivor of the United States Senate of 1837-38, when Clay, Webster, and Calhoun were among the members. Judge Allen G. Thurman, now one of the Senators from Ohio, is a nephew of Mr. Allen's, and one of the ablest men in that body. He is regarded generally as the leader of the Democratic side of that body.

—Mr. Dennis, just elected United States Senator from Maryland, to succeed Mr. Vickers, is a native of that State, fifty years of age, and a farmer, though at one time a physician of large practice. For some years past he has been a State Senator, and enjoys much personal popularity.

—The Legislature of Virginia proposes to place marble slabs over the graves of John Randolph of Roanoke and Judge Edmund Pendleton, whose resting-places are now without the commonest mark.

—Jules Ferry, the new French embassador to this country, is a bachelor, and commenced life as a printer. He set type in the office of the Paris *Constitutionnel* for three years, and then became private secretary to Paul de Kock. In 1849 he fought a duel with the son of Alexandre Dumas, and was severely wounded.

—Wendell Phillips says the laziest institution in the United States is a court, and the men who do the least business while they pretend to be busy are lawyers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Apportionment bill was passed by the Senate January 29. The Senate passed a bill, on January 31, defining the meaning of the Internal Revenue act of 1870, and directing the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to remit or refund the taxes assessed and levied or paid on dividends of earnings, etc., of banks, trust companies, savings-banks, insurance companies, and canal-navigation companies during the last five months of that year.

The House of Representatives on the 1st inst. passed a resolution vindicating the financial policy of Secretary Boutwell.

In the House of Representatives, February 2, the Indian Appropriation bill was passed.

During the past month the public debt of the United States was reduced $5,663,461.

In the State Senate, January 30, the New York City and County Claim bill was received, with the signature of the Governor, and a recommendation that certain objectionable features should be obviated by special legislation.

In the Assembly, February 2, a memorial was presented from the New York Bar Association praying for the removal of certain corrupt judges. Reference of the matter was made to the Judiciary Committee, who will proceed to New York and investigate the charges.

Stokes, the murderer of Fisk, was arraigned for trial in the Court of Oyer and Terminer January 29, but the case was further postponed. On the 1st inst. he was again presented, when a motion to quash the indictment was denied by Judge Ingraham. The case was then set down for the 5th inst.

The record of street crimes by night in New York and Brooklyn is frightful. Scarcely a day has passed since January 20 when one or more persons were not assaulted by highwaymen, who in many cases robbed them and then brutally beat them. Several cases occurred on the 1st inst.

January 29 was the coldest day of the season in New York and elsewhere about the country. Many persons were frozen to death in the Northwest.

Judge Barnard has granted a further extension of time, to March 15, in the case of the Supervisors *v.* ex-Controller Connolly.

Mr. Henry Bergh again appeals to horse-owners to abandon the practice of "clipping."

The snow blockade on the Union Pacific Railroad seems to be increasing. At last advices the weather was unprecedentedly cold, and the snow-drifts deepening. The blockade is seriously affecting the business of San Francisco.

The Maine Legislative Committee on Banks and Banking have decided in favor of levying a State tax of one-half of one per cent. on savings-bank deposits.

In the United States Court, January 31, Deputy Attorney High, pursuant to instructions from Attorney-General Williams, telegraphed by District Attorney Bates, moved that all the prisoners in the custody of the United States authorities in Utah be admitted to bail. Chief Justice M'Kean refused the motion.

A national convention favoring a religious amendment to the Constitution of the United States began its sessions on January 31 at Cincinnati.

By the displacement of a rail, the Buffalo express train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad was thrown down an embankment of thirty feet, near Rockport, on February 1. The cars were smashed and then burned by fire from the stoves. Eight persons were killed and eighteen wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Roberts has been "inaugurated" as President of the Liberian republic.

The town of Schlamachi, in the Asiatic possessions of Russia, has been totally destroyed by an earthquake. Many lives were lost.

The Count de Chambord has issued a manifesto in which he declares that he will never abdicate his claim to the throne of France, and that he will never consent to become a revolutionist where he is the legitimate king.

Of the Communists captured by the French government 19,222 have been released, 3473 have been sentenced to various punishments, and 12,045 are still confined to the hulks.

A Spanish gun-boat has captured an English schooner and crew for landing contraband of war on the island of Cuba.

There was a serious riot at Galway, Ireland, on February 3, growing out of the nomination of Mr. Nolan for the House of Commons. The police interfered and many persons were injured.

The London papers call upon the English government to secede from the Treaty of Washington unless the American case is reformed. They declare that the question of indirect damages can not be entertained for a moment.

Three thousand pounds have been subscribed in London in aid of an expedition to search for Dr. Livingstone.

On the 27th inst. public thanksgiving services will be held in St. Paul's, London, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

General Requelme, the new commander of the Eastern Department of Cuba, has reached Havana.

The Spanish radicals held a mass-meeting in Madrid on February 2, but nothing was said of the relinquishment of Cuba.

Eight thousand Spanish soldiers have sailed from Cadiz to reinforce the army in Cuba.

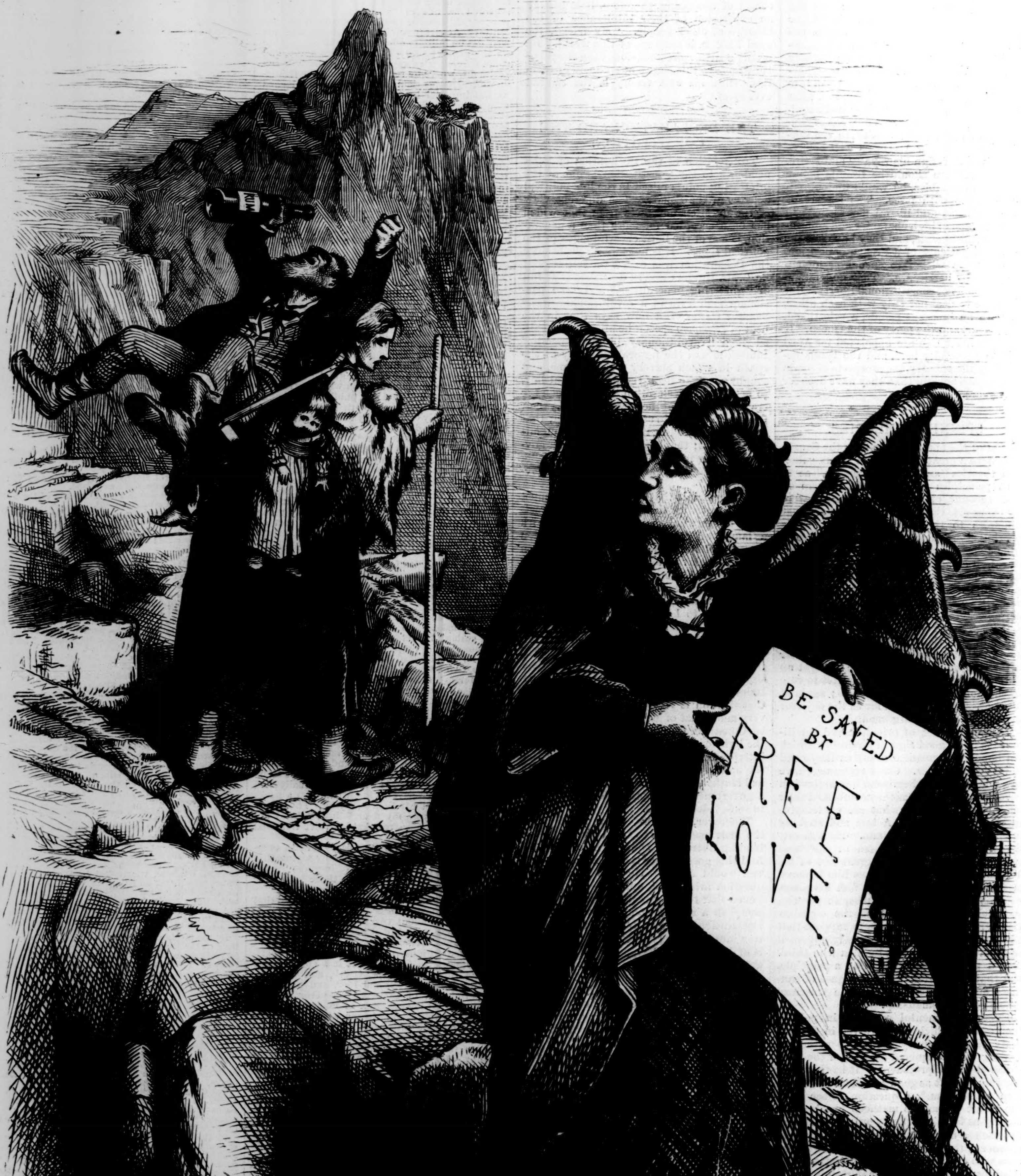
Tranquillity once more prevails in Spain. The withdrawal of Señor Gamindes has been deferred, and no immediate change in the ministry is expected.

The authorities of Strasburg have prohibited the sale of French journals in the streets.

The burning of Chicago has stimulated the emigration of English carpenters and masons.

Two hundred native troops in the Philippine Islands attempted a revolt recently, whereupon the Spanish soldiers attacked them, and killed every rebel.

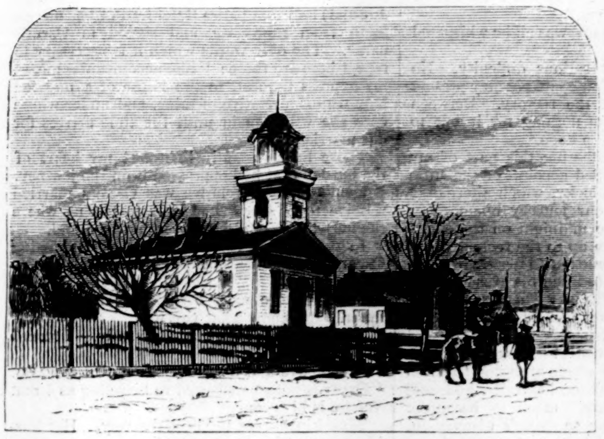
The Jews of Ismailia, on the Roumanian frontier of Turkey, have been again outrageously attacked, and many of them were killed and wounded.

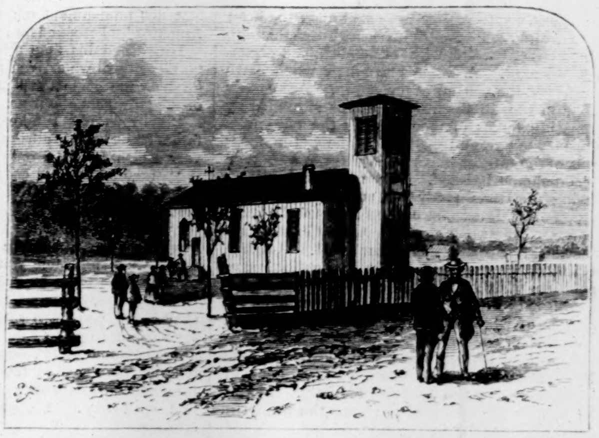

BE SAVED BY
FREE LOVE.
Th. Nast.

"GET THEE BEHIND ME, (MRS.) SATAN!"—[SEE PAGE 143.]

WIFE (*with heavy burden*). "I'D RATHER TRAVEL THE HARDEST PATH OF MATRIMONY THAN FOLLOW YOUR FOOTSTEPS."

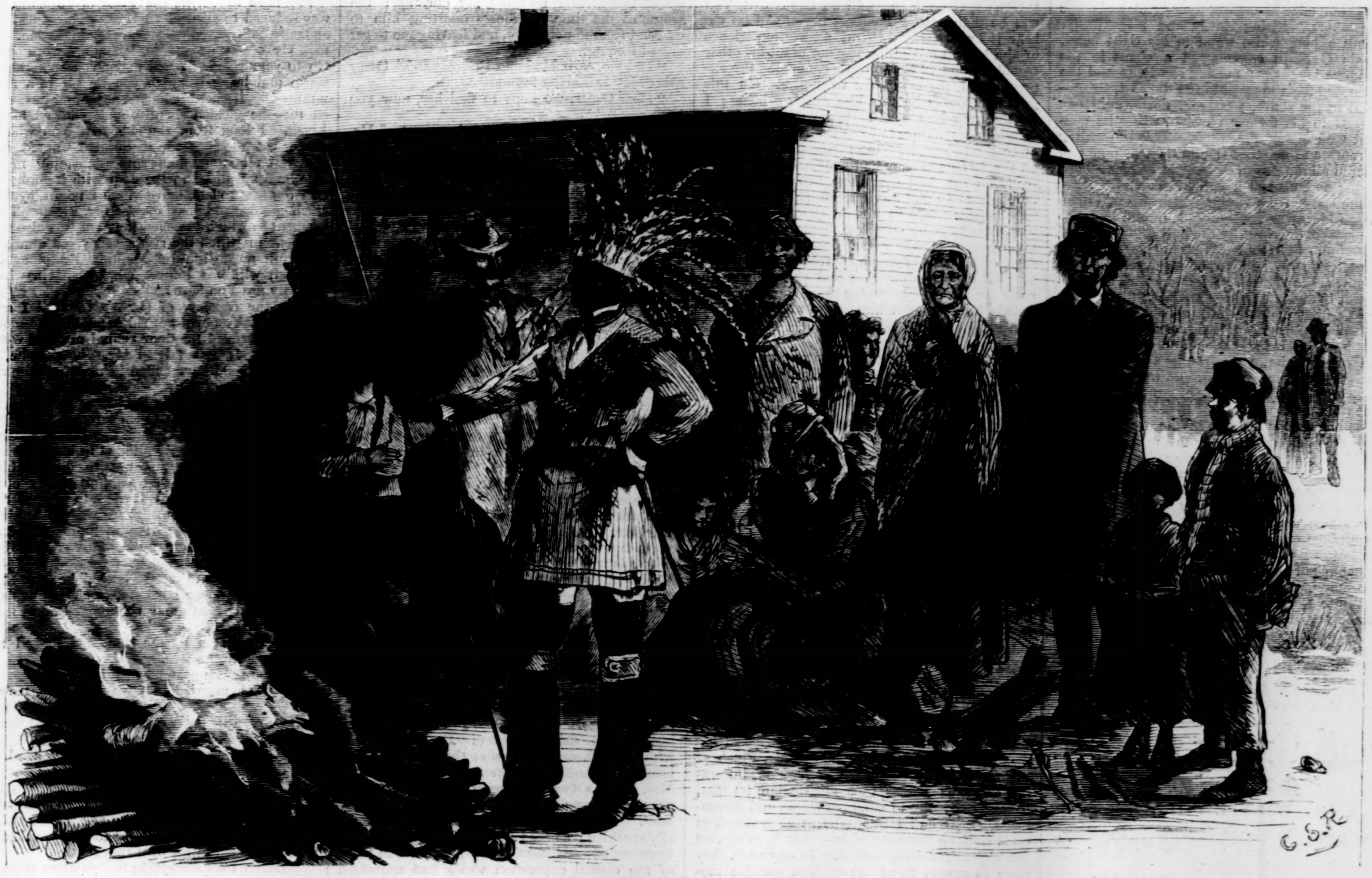
THE ONONDAGA INDIANS.—[From Photographs by Ranger & Austin.]


THE METHODIST CHURCH.



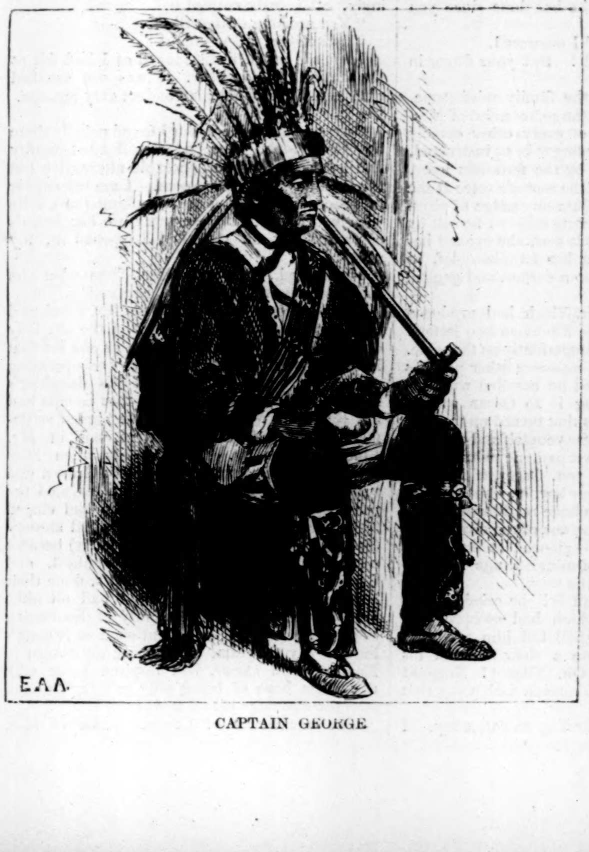
EPIPHANY CHAPEL.

Eight miles south of the flourishing city of Syracuse, on the borders of Onondaga Creek, in a beautiful hill-encircled plain, too wide to be denominated a valley, lives the last remnant of the historic Five Nations. The Mohawks have passed away; the Senecas and Cayugas are now only known as their names are perpetuated by two flourishing counties in Central New York; and the Oneidas have gained worse than oblivion by having their tribal designation adopted by a Community which exceeds all pagan ideas of polygamy under a thin veil of regard for Christianity. The Onondaga nation still survives, and, in proportion to its acceptance of Christianity, flourishes. Last autumn the Onondagas held an agricultural fair, at which the exhibition of domestic products was such as to compare favorably with that in any of the surrounding counties populated exclusively by the white race. On this occasion the two most distinguished speakers present, Bishop Huntington and ex-Governor Seymour, found it difficult to use terms which, without being flattering, should be just, to describe their appreciation of the past services of the tribe to the American race, and its present highly prosperous, orderly, and encouraging condition. Settled in the midst of the white race, the Onondagas have shown that there is a possibility of the Indian excelling in the pursuit of civilized agriculture. They have also schools and churches. The two edifices for Christian worship are shown in our engraving, and are respectively the Onondaga Methodist Episcopal Church and Epiphany Chapel, the latter being mainly indebted for its support to a few earnest ladies connected with the Episcopal Church in Syracuse, who have secured the residence among the Indians of a faithful missionary, the Rev. Mr. Bowman. This is the bright side of Onondaga history, but as traces of paganism may be found in forms of civilization that claim to be more advanced, it is not surprising to find some portion of these exceptional Indians clinging tenaciously to the heathenism of their ancestors. The last of an illustrious line of chiefs, Captain George, the head chief of the tribe, holds the faith of his fathers with the same resoluteness with which, in the war of 1812, he not only cast his influence in favor of the Americans, but on one occasion, without rest or sleep, he ran one hundred and fifty miles in order to bring important information to the American army. A firmly resolved pagan is Captain George, fit type of the red man when he was "noble;" but while he may count himself the last leading pagan of his race, he can not, like Logan, call himself a solitary tree in the forest, for he is surrounded with the love of his people and the respect of all his white neighbors.

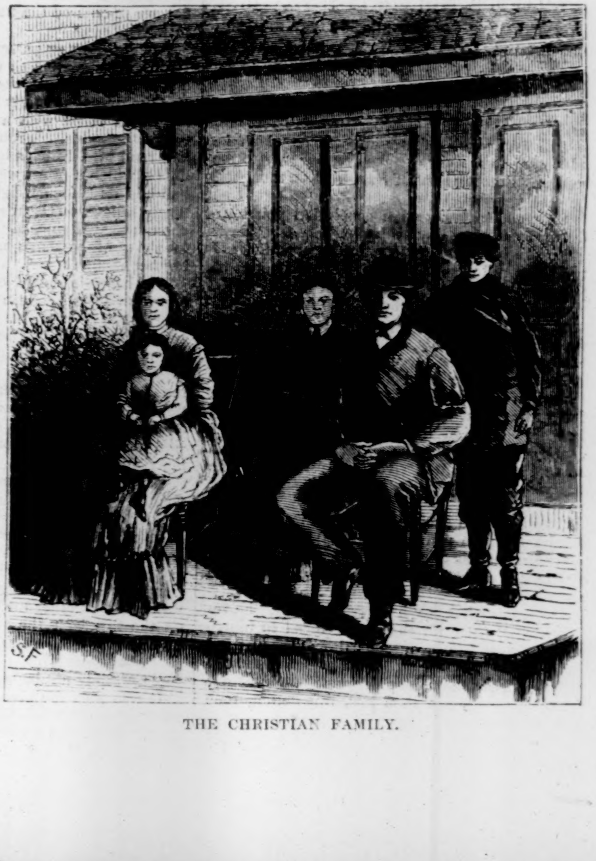


OFFERING THE SACRIFICE.

In accordance with a custom which reaches back into the dimmest of Indian myths, the Onondagas hold a solemn sacrificial service during the moon preceding our month of February. This year the great "Sacrifice of the White Dog" took place on the 18th of January; and as a contribution to the history of American paganism, we have secured a graphic picture of the



CAPTAIN GEORGE



THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

event. According to ancient custom, the sins of the people were supposed to be gathered by the managers or chiefs, and from these, by some vicarious mystery, they were laid upon the head of a white dog. As tradition requires, this dog was perfectly white, without blemish, and organically sound. A single black hair would have destroyed the efficacy of the victim. At an early hour of the forenoon the dog was strangled by opposing forces of men holding the ends of a cord passed around the neck of the victim, for it was of the utmost importance that not a drop of blood should be shed. When the expiatory offering was thus ready for preparation, it was fancifully painted and carried into the Council-house. At two o'clock in the afternoon the sacrificial ceremonies commenced. Captain GEORGE, who, as head chief of the nation, acted as high-priest, entered the Council-house and proceeded to array himself in a white tunic, the sleeves of which were bound up with ribbons. He then girded himself with a belt of beads, and placed upon his head an adornment that might excite the admiration of the most fashionable of milliners—it was so light and feathery. Taking his seat in the centre of the room, he waited in solemn silence for a long time.

At length the solemn moment arrived, and so impressive were the proceedings that the only two white men permitted to be present felt themselves compelled to uncover their heads and cease their labors. Rising slowly and majestically, bearing a long white wand in his right hand, Captain GEORGE commenced a chant in the Onondaga language; passing slowly around the typical dog from his position at the east, he proceeded to the south, west, and north, and then returned to his former position, where he consulted with one of the chiefs. This proceeding was repeated three times; and then, as if he had gathered all the sins of the people, he approached the dog and uttered a pathetic lament. After this the body of the victim, which was laid upon a rough bier, was gently lifted up and borne to the place of sacrifice by the hands of chiefs of the nation. The high-priest then, standing at the east side of the altar of sacrifice, solemnly committed the victim to the flames. The sacrifice was completed; the atonement made. By some peculiar method that, probably, the hierophant himself has never been able to understand, the sins of the Onondagas, concentrated upon the head of a victim, pure, spotless, and without blemish, had been expiated, and the general joy was manifested by the firing of guns and mutual congratulations.

The engravings we give of the great and last pagan chief, as contrasted with the comfort and home-like look of the Christian chief and family, tell their own story of the decadence of the superstitious and the prosperity of the true faith. An additional emphasis may be given to our illustrations and brief record by the fact that this strange custom, so long preserved, is every year losing its vitality, so that it is quite within the bounds of possibility that we have illustrated what may be the last great sacrificial offering of the White Dog by the last of the once powerful confederacy of the Five Nations.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

ON THE WAY TO THE END.—FIRST STAGE.

YOU will perhaps expect me to give some account of how Oscar bore the discovery of his brother's conduct.

I find it by no means easy to do this. Oscar baffled me.

The first words of any importance which he addressed to me were spoken on our way to the station. Rousing himself from his own thoughts, he said, very earnestly,

"I want to know what conclusion you have drawn from Mrs. Finch's letter."

Naturally enough, under the circumstances, I tried to avoid answering him. He was not to be put off in that way.

"You will do me a favor," he went on, "if you will reply to my question. The letter has bred in me such a vile suspicion of my dear, good brother, who never deceived me in his life, that I would rather believe I am out of my mind than believe in my own interpretation of it. Do *you* infer from what Mrs. Finch writes that Nugent has presented himself to Lucilla under my name? Do *you* believe that he has persuaded her to leave her friends under the impression that she has yielded to My entreaties, and trusted herself to My care?"

There was no avoiding it. I answered in the fewest and the plainest words, "That is what your brother has done."

I saw a change pass over him when I made the reply.

"That is what my brother has done," he repeated. "After all that I sacrificed to him—after all that I trusted to his honor when I left England." He paused and considered a little. "What does such a man deserve?" he went on, speaking to himself in a low, threatening tone that startled me.

"He deserves," I said, "what he will get when we reach England. You have only to show yourself to make him repent his wickedness to the last day of his life. Are exposure and defeat not punishment enough for such a man as Nugent?" I stopped and waited for his answer.

He turned his face away from me, and said no more until we arrived at the station. There he drew me aside for a moment out of hearing of the strangers about us.

"Why should I take you away from your father?" he asked, abruptly. "I am behaving very selfishly—and I only see it now."

"Make your mind easy," I said. "If I had not met you to-day, I should have gone to England to-morrow for Lucilla's sake."

"But now you *have* met me," he persisted, "why shouldn't I spare you the journey? I could write and tell you every thing, without putting you to this fatigue and expense."

"If you say a word more," I answered, "I shall think you have some reason of your own for wishing to go to England by yourself."

He cast one quick, suspicious look at me, and led the way back to the booking-office without uttering another word. I was not at all satisfied with him. I thought his conduct very strange.

In silence we took our tickets; in silence we got into the railway carriage. I attempted to say something encouraging when we started. "Don't notice me," was all he replied. "You will be doing me a kindness if you will let me bear it by myself." In my former experience of him he had talked his way out of all his other troubles—he had clamorously demanded the expression of my sympathy with him. In this greatest trouble he was like another being; I hardly knew him again. Were the hidden reserves in his nature (stirred up by another serious call on them) showing themselves once more on the surface as they had shown themselves already on the fatal first day when Lucilla tried her sight? In that way I accounted for the mere superficial change in him at the time. What was actually going on below the surface it defied my ingenuity even to guess. Perhaps I shall best describe the sort of vague apprehension which he aroused in me—after what had passed between us at the station—by saying that I would not for worlds have allowed him to go to England by himself.

Left as I now was to my own resources, I occupied the first hours of the journey in considering what course it would be safest and best for us to take on reaching England.

I decided, in the first place, that we ought to go straight to Dimchurch. If any tidings had been obtained of Lucilla, they would be sure to have received them at the rectory. Our route, after reaching Paris, must be, therefore, by way of Dieppe; thence across the channel to Newhaven, near Brighton, and so to Dimchurch.

In the second place—assuming it to be always possible that we might see Lucilla at the rectory—the risk of abruptly presenting Oscar to her in his own proper person might, for all I knew to the contrary, be a very serious one. It would relieve us, as I thought, of a grave responsibility, if we warned Grosse of our arrival, and so enabled him to be present, if he thought it necessary, in the interest of Lucilla's health. I put this view (as also my plan for returning by way of Dieppe) to Oscar. He briefly consented to every thing—he ungraciously left it all to me.

Accordingly, on our arrival at Lyons, having some time for refreshment at our disposal before we went on, I telegraphed to Mr. Finch at the rectory, and to Grosse in London, informing them (as well as I could calculate it) that, if we were lucky in catching trains and steamboats, Oscar and I might be at Dimchurch in good time on the next night—that is to say, on the night of the eighteenth. In any case, they were to expect us at the earliest possible moment.

These difficulties disposed of, and a little store of refreshment for the night packed in my basket, we re-entered the train for our long journey to Paris.

Among the new passengers who joined us at Lyons was a gentleman whose face was English, and whose dress was the dress of a clergyman. For the first time in my life I hailed the appearance of a priest with a feeling of relief. The reason was this. From the moment when I had read Mrs. Finch's letter until now a horrid doubt, which a priest was just the man to solve, had laid its leaden weight on my mind—and, I firmly believe, on Oscar's mind as well. Had time enough passed since Lucilla had left Ramsgate to allow of Nugent's marrying her under his brother's name?

As the train rolled out of the station, I, the enemy of priests, began to make myself agreeable to *this* priest. He was young and shy, but I conquered him. Just as the other travelers were beginning (with the exception of Oscar) to compose themselves to sleep, I put my case to the clergyman. "A and B, Sir, lady and gentleman, both of age, leave one town in England, and go to another town, on the fifth of this month—how soon, if you please, can they be lawfully married after that?"

"I presume you mean in church?" said the young clergyman.

"In church, of course." (To that extent I believed I might answer for Lucilla without any fear of making a mistake.)

"They may be married by License," said the clergyman—"providing one of them continues to reside in that other town to which they traveled on the fifth—on the twenty-first, or (possibly) even the twentieth of this month."

"Not before?"

"Certainly not before."

It was then the night of the seventeenth. I gave my companion's hand a little squeeze in the dark. Here was a glimpse of encouragement to cheer us on the journey. Before the marriage could take place we should be in England. "We have time before us," I whispered to Oscar. "We will save Lucilla yet."

"Shall we find Lucilla?" was all he whispered back.

I had forgotten that serious difficulty. No answer to Oscar's question could possibly present itself until we reached the rectory. Between this and then, there was nothing for it but to keep patience and to keep hope.

I refrain from encumbering this part of my narrative with any detailed account of the little accidents, lucky and unlucky, which alternately hastened or retarded our journey home. Let me only say that before midnight on the eighteenth Oscar and I drove up to the rectory gate.

Mr. Finch himself came out to receive us, with a lamp in his hand. He lifted his eyes (and his lamp) devotionally to the sky when he saw Oscar. The two first words he said were,

"Inscrutable Providence!"

"Have you found Lucilla?" I asked.

Mr. Finch—with his whole attention fixed on Oscar—wrung my hand mechanically, and said I was a "good creature," much as he might have patted and spoken to Oscar's companion, if that companion had been a dog. I almost wished myself that animal for the moment—I should have had the privilege of biting Mr. Finch. Oscar impatiently repeated my question; the rector at the time officiously assisting him to descend from the carriage, and leaving me to get out as I could.

"Did you hear Madame Pratolungo?" Oscar asked. "Is Lucilla found?"

"Dear Oscar, we hope to find her, now you have come."

That answer revealed to me the secret of Mr. Finch's extraordinary politeness to his young friend. The last chance, as things were, of preventing Lucilla's marriage to a man who had squandered away every farthing of his money was the chance of Oscar's arrival in England before the ceremony could take place. The measure of Oscar's importance to Mr. Finch was now, more literally than ever, the measure of Oscar's fortune.

I asked for news of Grosse as we went in. The rector actually found some comparatively high notes in his prodigious voice to express his amazement at my audacity in speaking to him of any body but Oscar.

"Oh dear, dear me!" cried Mr. Finch, impatiently conceding to me one precious moment of his attention. "Don't bother about Grosse! Grosse is ill in London. There is a note for you from Grosse.—Take care of the door-step, dear Oscar," he went on, in his deepest and gravest bass notes. "Mrs. Finch is so anxious to see you. We have both looked forward to your arrival with such eager hope—such impatient affection, so to speak. Let me put down your hat. Ah! how you must have suffered! Share my trust in an all-wise Providence, and meet this trial with cheerful submission as I do. All is not lost yet. Bear up! bear up!" He threw open the parlor door. "Mrs. Finch! compose yourself. Our dear adopted son! Our afflicted Oscar!"

Is it necessary to say what Mrs. Finch was about, and how Mrs. Finch looked?

There were the three unchangeable institutions—the novel, the baby, and the lost pocket-handkerchief! There was the gaudy jacket over the long trailing dressing-gown—and the damp lady inside them, damp as ever! Receiving Oscar with a mouth drawn down at the corners, and a head that shook sadly in sympathy with him, Mrs. Finch's face underwent a most extraordinary transformation when she turned my way next. To my astonishment, her dim eyes actually sparkled; a broad smile of irrepressible contentment showed itself cunningly to *me*, in place of the dismal expression which had welcomed Oscar. Holding up the baby in triumph, the lady of the rectory whispered these words in my ear,

"What do you think he has done since you have been away?"

"I really don't know," I answered.

"He has cut two teeth! Put your finger in and feel."

Others might bewail the family misfortune. The family triumph filled the secret mind of Mrs. Finch, to the exclusion of every other earthly consideration. I put my finger in as instructed, and got instantly bitten by the ferocious baby. But for a new outburst of the rector's voice at the moment, Mrs. Finch (if I am any judge of physiognomy) must have certainly relieved herself by a scream of delight. As it was, she opened her mouth; and (having lost her handkerchief, as already stated) retired into a corner, and gagged herself with the baby.

In the mean time Mr. Finch had produced from a cupboard near the fire-place two letters. The first he threw down impatiently on the table. "Oh dear, dear! what a nuisance other people's letters are!" The second he handled with extraordinary care, offering it to Oscar with a heavy sigh, and with eyes that turned up martyr-like to the ceiling. "Rouse yourself and read it," said Mr. Finch, in his most pathetic pulpit tones. "I would have spared you, Oscar, if I could. All our hopes depend, dear boy, on what you can say to guide us when you have read those lines."

Oscar took the inclosure out of the envelope—ran over the first words—glanced at the signature—and, with a look of mingled rage and horror, threw the letter on the floor.

"Don't ask me to read it!" he cried, in the first burst of passion which had escaped him yet. "If I read it, I shall kill him when we meet." He dropped into a chair and hid his face in his hands. "Oh, Nugent! Nugent! Nugent!" he moaned to himself with a cry that was dreadful to hear.

It was no time for standing on ceremony. I picked up the letter and looked at it without asking leave. It proved to be the letter from Nugent (already inserted at the close of Lucilla's Journal) informing Miss Batchford of her niece's flight from Ramsgate, and signed in Oscar's name. The only words which it is necessary to repeat here are these: "She accompanies me, at my express request, to the house of a married lady who is a relative of mine, and under whose care she will remain until the time arrives for our marriage."

Those lines instantly lightened my heart of the burden that had oppressed it on the journey. Nugent's married relative was Oscar's married relative too. Oscar had only to tell us where the lady lived—and Lucilla would be found.

I stopped Mr. Finch in the act of maddening Oscar by administering pastoral consolation to him.

"Leave it to me," I said, showing him the letter. "I know what you want."

The rector stared at me indignantly. I turned to Mrs. Finch.

"We have had a weary journey," I went on. "Oscar is not so well used to traveling as I am. Where is his room?"

Mrs. Finch rose to show the way. Her husband opened his lips to interfere.

"Leave it to me," I repeated. "I understand him, and you don't."

For once in his life the Pope of Dimchurch was reduced to silence. His amazement at my audacity defied even *his* powers of expression. I took Oscar's arm and said, "You are worn out. Go to your room. I will make you something warm and bring it up to you myself in a few minutes." He neither looked at me nor answered me—he yielded silently, and followed Mrs. Finch. I took from the sideboard—on which supper was waiting—the materials I wanted, set the kettle boiling, made my renovating mixture, and advanced to the door with it—followed from first to last, move where I might, by the staring and scandalized eyes of Mr. Finch. The moment in which I opened the door was also the moment in which the rector recovered himself. "Permit me to inquire, Madame Pratolungo," he said, with his loftiest emphasis, "in what capacity are You here?"

"In the capacity of Oscar's friend," I answered. "You will get rid of us both to-morrow." I banged the door behind me, and went up stairs. If I had been Mr. Finch's wife, I believe I should have ended in making quite an agreeable man of him.

Mrs. Finch met me in the passage on the first floor, and pointed out Oscar's room. I found him walking backward and forward restlessly. The first words he said alluded to his brother's letter. I had arranged not to disturb him by any reference to that painful matter until the next morning, and I tried to change the topic. It was useless. There was an anxiety in his mind which was not to be dismissed at will. He insisted on my instantly setting that anxiety at rest.

"I don't want to see the letter," he said. "I only want to know all that it says about Lucilla."

"All that it says may be summed up in this. Lucilla is perfectly safe."

He caught me by the arm, and looked me searchingly in the face.

"Where?" he asked. "With *him?*"

"With a married lady who is a relative of his."

He dropped my arm, and considered for a moment.

"My cousin at Sydenham!" he exclaimed.

"Do you know the house?"

"Perfectly well."

"We will go there to-morrow. Let that content you for to-night. Get to rest."

I gave him my hand. He took it mechanically—absorbed in his own thoughts.

"Didn't I say something foolish down stairs?" he asked, putting the question suddenly, with an odd, suspicious look at me.

"You were quite worn out," I said, consolingly. "Nobody noticed it."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure. Good-night."

I left the room, feeling much as I had felt at the station at Marseilles. I was not satisfied with him. I thought his conduct very strange.

On returning to the parlor I found nobody there but Mrs. Finch. The rector's offended dignity had left the rector no honorable alternative but to withdraw to his own room. I ate my supper in peace; and Mrs. Finch (rocking the cradle with her foot) chattered away to her heart's content about all that had happened in my absence.

I gathered, here and there, from what she said, some particulars worth mentioning.

The new disagreement between Mr. Finch and Miss Batchford, which had driven the old lady out of the rectory almost as soon as she set foot in it, had originated in Mr. Finch's exasperating composure when he heard of his daughter's flight. He supposed, of course, that Lucilla had left Ramsgate with Oscar—whose signed settlements on his future wife were safe in Mr. Finch's possession. It was only when Miss Batchford had communicated with Grosse, and when the discovery followed which revealed the penniless Nugent as the man who had eloped with Lucilla, that Mr. Finch's parental anxiety (seeing no money likely to come of it) became roused to action. He, Miss Batchford, and Grosse had all, in their various ways, done their best to trace the fugitives, and had all alike been baffled by the impossibility of discovering the residence of the lady mentioned in Nugent's letter. My telegram, announcing my return to England with Oscar, had inspired them with their first hope of being able to interfere, and stop the marriage before it was too late.

The occurrence of Grosse's name in Mrs.

Finch's rambling narrative recalled to my memory what the rector had told me at the garden gate. I had not yet received the letter which the German had sent to wait my arrival at Dimchurch. After a short search we found it—where it had been contemptuously thrown by Mr. Finch—on the parlor table.

A few lines comprised the whole letter. Grosse informed me that he had so fretted himself about Lucilla that he had been attacked by "a visitation of gouts." It was impossible to move his "foots" without instantly plunging into the torture of the infernal regions. "If it is you, my goot dear, who are going to find her," he concluded, "come to me first in London. I have something most dismal-serious to say to you about our poor little Feench's eyes."

No words can tell how that last sentence startled and grieved me. Mrs. Finch increased my anxiety and alarm by repeating what she had heard Miss Batchford say, during her brief visit to the rectory, on the subject of Lucilla's sight. Grosse had been seriously dissatisfied with the state of his patient's eyes when he had seen them as long ago as the fourth of the month; and, on the morning of the next day, the servant had reported Lucilla as being hardly able to distinguish objects in the view from the window of her room. Later on the same day she had secretly left Ramsgate; and Grosse's letter proved that she had not been near her surgical attendant since.

Weary as I was after the journey, this miserable news kept me waking long after I had gone to my bed. The next morning I was up with the servants—impatient to start for London by the first train.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

ON THE WAY TO THE END.—SECOND STAGE.

Early riser as I was, I found that Oscar had risen earlier still. He had left the rectory, and had disturbed Mr. Gootheridge's morning slumbers by an application at the inn for the key of Browndown.

On his return to the rectory he merely said that he had been to see after various things belonging to him which were still left in the empty house. His look and manner as he gave us this brief explanation were, to my mind, more unsatisfactory than ever. I made no remark; and, observing that his loose traveling coat was buttoned awry over the breast, I set it right for him. My hand, as I did this, touched his breast pocket. He started back directly, as if there was something in the pocket which he did not wish me to feel. Was it something he had brought from Browndown?

We got away—encumbered by Mr. Finch, who insisted on attaching himself to Oscar—by the first express train, which took us straight to London. Comparison of time-tables, on reaching the terminus, showed that I had leisure to spare for a brief visit to Grosse before we again took the railway back to Sydenham. Having decided not to mention the bad news about Lucilla's eyes to Oscar until I had seen the German first, I made the best excuse that suggested itself, and drove away, leaving the two gentlemen in the waiting-room at the station.

I found Grosse confined to his easy-chair, with his gouty foot enveloped in cool cabbage leaves. Between pain and anxiety, his eyes were wilder, his broken English was more grotesque, than ever. When I appeared at the door of his room and said good-morning—in the frenzy of his impatience he shook his fist at me.

"Good-morning go-damn!" he roared out. "Where? where? where is Feench?"

I told him where we believed Lucilla to be. Grosse turned his head, and shook his fist at a bottle on the chimney-piece next.

"Get that bottles on the chimney," he said. "And the eye-baths by the side of him. Don't stop with your talky-talky-chatterations here. Go! Save her eyes. Look! You do this. You throw her head back—soh!" He illustrated the position so forcibly with his own head that he shook his gouty foot, and screamed with the pain of it. He went on nevertheless, glaring frightfully through his spectacles, gnashing his mustache fiercely between his teeth. "Throw her head back. Fill the eye-baths; turn him upsides-down over her open eyes. Drown them turn-turn-about in my mixtures. Drown them, I say, one-down-todder-come-on, and if she screech never mind it. Then bring her to me. For the lofe of Gott, bring her to me. If you tie her hands and foots, bring her to me. What is the womans stopping for? Go! go! go!"

"I want to ask you a question about Oscar," I said, "before I go."

He seized the pillow which supported his head—evidently intending to expedite my departure by throwing it at me. I produced the railway time-table as the best defensive weapon at my command. "Look at it for yourself," I said, "and you will see that I must wait at the station, if I don't wait here."

With some difficulty I satisfied him that it was impossible to leave London for Sydenham before a certain hour, and that I had at least ten minutes to spare, which might be just as well passed in consulting him. He closed his glaring eyes, and laid his head back on the chair, thoroughly exhausted with his own outbreak of excitement. "No matter how things goes," he said, "a womans must wag her tongue. Goot. Wag yours."

"I am placed in a very difficult position," I began. "Oscar is going with me to Lucilla. I shall, of course, take care, in the first place, that he and Nugent do not meet, unless I am present at the interview. But I am not equally sure of what I ought to do in the case of Lucilla. Must I keep them apart until I have first prepared her to see Oscar?"

"Let her see the devil himself if you like," growled Grosse, "so long as you bring her here afterwards-directly to me. You will do the bettermost thing if you prepare Oscar. *She* wants no preparations! She is enough disappointed in him as it is!"

"Disappointed in him?" I repeated. "I don't understand you."

He settled himself wearily in his chair, and referred, in a softened and saddened tone, to that private conversation of his with Lucilla, at Ramsgate, which has already been reported in the Journal. I was now informed, for the first time, of those changes in her sensations and in her ways of thinking which had so keenly vexed and mortified her. I heard of the ominous absence of the old thrill of pleasure when Nugent took her hand on meeting her at the sea-side—I heard how bitterly his personal appearance had disappointed her (when she had seen his features in detail) by comparison with the charming ideal picture which she had formed of her lover in the days of her blindness: those happier days, as she had called them, when she was Poor Miss Finch.

"Surely," I said, "all the old feelings will come back to her when she sees Oscar?"

"They will never come back to her—no, not if she sees fifty Oscars!"

He was beginning to frighten me, or to irritate me—I can hardly say which. I only know that I persisted in disputing with him. "When she sees the true man," I went on, "do you mean to say she will feel the same disappointment—"

I could get no farther than that. He cut me short there, without ceremony.

"You foolish womans!" he interposed, "she will feel more than the same. I have told you already it was one enormous disappointments to her when she saw the handsome brodder with the fair complexions. Ask your own self what will it be when she sees the ugly brodder with the blue face. I tell you this:—she will think your true man the worst impostor of the two."

There I indignantly contradicted him.

"His face *may* be a disappointment to her," I said; "I own that. But there it will end. Her hand will tell her, when he takes it, that there is no impostor deceiving her this time."

"Her hand will tell her nothing—no more than yours. I had not so much hard hearts in me as to say that to *her* when she asked me. I say it to *you*. Hold your tongue and listen. All those thrill-tingles that she once had when he touched her belong to anodder time—the time gone-by, when her sight was in her fingers and not in her eyes. With those fine-superfine-feelings of the days when she was blind she pays now for her grand new privilege of opening her eyes on the world. (And worth the price too!) Do you understand yet? It is a sort of swop-bargain between Nature and this poor girls of ours. I take away your eyes—I give you your fine touch. I give you your eyes—I take away your fine touch. Soh! that is plain. You see now?"

I was too mortified and too miserable to answer him. Through all our later troubles I had looked forward so confidently to Oscar's reappearance as the one sufficient condition on which Lucilla's happiness would be certainly restored! What had become of my anticipations now? I sat silent, staring in stupid depression at the pattern of the carpet. Grosse took out his watch.

"Your ten-minutes-time has counted himself out," he said.

I neither moved nor heeded him. His ferocious eyes began to flame again behind his monstrous spectacles.

"Go-be-off-with-you!" he shouted at me as if I was deaf. "Her eyes! her eyes! While you stop chatterboxing here, her eyes are in danger. What with her frettings and her cryings and her damn-nonsense-lofe-business, I swear you my solemn oath her sight was in danger when I saw her a whole fortnight gone-by. Do you want my big pillow to fly bang at your head? You don't want him? Be-off-away with you, then, or you will have him in one-two-three time! Be-off-away—and bring her back to me before night!"

I returned to the railway. Of all the women whom I passed in the crowded streets, I doubt if one had a heavier heart in her bosom that morning than mine.

To make matters worse still, my traveling companions (one in the refreshment-room, and one pacing the platform) received my account of my interview with Grosse in a manner which seriously disappointed and discouraged me. Mr. Finch's inhuman conceit treated my melancholy news of his daughter as a species of complimentary tribute to his own foresight. "You remember, Madame Pratolungo, I took high ground in this matter from the first. I protested against the proceedings of the man Grosse as involving a purely worldly interference with the ways of an inscrutable Providence. With what effect? My paternal influence was repudiated; my Moral Weight was, so to speak, set aside. And now you see the result. Take it to heart, dear friend. May it be a warning to you!" He sighed with ponderous complacency, and turned from me to the girl behind the counter. "I will take another cup of tea."

Oscar's reception of me, when I found him on the platform, and told him next of Lucilla's critical state, was more than discouraging. It is no exaggeration to say that he alarmed me.

"Another item in the debt I owe to Nugent!" he said. Not a word of sympathy, not a word of sorrow. That vindictive answer, and nothing more.

We started for Sydenham.

From time to time I looked at Oscar sitting opposite to me, to see if any change appeared in him as we drew nearer and nearer to the place in which Lucilla was now living. No! Still the same ominous silence, the same unnatural self-repression possessed him. Except the momentary outbreak when Mr. Finch had placed Nugent's letter in his hand on the previous evening, not the faintest token of what was really going on in his mind had escaped him since we had left Marseilles. He, who could weep over all his other griefs as easily and as spontaneously as a woman, had not shed a tear since the fatal day when he had discovered that his brother had played him false—that brother who had been the god of his idolatry, the sacred object of his gratitude and his love! When a man of Oscar's temperament becomes frozen up for days together in his own thoughts—when he keeps his own counsel—when he asks for no sympathy, and utters no complaint—the sign is a serious one. There are hidden forces gathering in him which will burst their way to the surface—for good or for evil—with an irresistible result. Watching Oscar attentively behind my veil, I felt the certain assurance that the part he would take in the terrible conflict of interests now awaiting us would be a part which I should remember to the latest day of my life.

We reached Sydenham, and went to the nearest hotel.

On the railway—with other travelers in the carriage—it had been impossible to consult on the safest method of approaching Lucilla in the first instance. That serious question now pressed for instant decision. We sat down to consult on it in the room which we had hired at the hotel.

"GET THEE BEHIND ME, (MRS.) SATAN!"

The design of the picture from the pencil of Mr. Nast which appears on page 140 is to convey a great moral lesson to those who may be tempted to accept the pernicious doctrines of the free-love school of our day. The tempted one in our illustration is an unhappy woman who, in climbing the rugged hill of life, is compelled to bear, alone, the burden of a drunken husband and her little children. On the way she is met by an angel of darkness, holding in her hand an open scroll on which appear the words, "Be Saved by Free Love!" But the woman is too wise to be caught in such a snare, and, turning her back upon the would-be seducer, resumes her journey, exclaiming, as she goes, with scorn, "I'd rather travel the hardest path of matrimony than follow your footsteps!"—words nobly spoken, and worthy to be cherished by every true woman.

But, lest any might think the Satanic character in the drawing an exaggeration, we need only reproduce in its support one or two choice sentences from the lips of a leading advocate of woman's rights, as delivered recently in the course of a lecture in this city and elsewhere. Here they are:

> "If it be primarily the right of men and women to take on the marriage relation of their own free-will and accord, so, too, does it remain their right to determine how long it shall continue and when it shall cease. Suppose a separation is desired because one of the two loves and is loved elsewhere. If the union be maintained by force, at least two of them, probably all three, are unhappy; but if they separate, only one is rendered unhappy. So if the greatest good of the greatest number is to rule, separation is legitimate and desirable.
>
> "It can now be asked, What is the legitimate sequence of social freedom? To which I unhesitatingly reply, free love, or freedom of the affections. 'And are you a free-lover?' is the almost incredulous query. I repeat a frequent reply: 'I am; and I can honestly, in the fullness of my soul, raise my voice to my Maker, and thank Him that I am, and that I have had the strength and the devotion to truth to stand before this traducing and vilifying community in a manner representative of that which shall come with healing on its wings for the bruised hearts and crushed affections of humanity.' And to those who denounce me for this I reply, 'Yes, I am a free-lover. I have an inalienable, constitutional, and natural right to love whom I may; to love as long or as short a period as I can; to change that love every day if I please.'"

If this mischievous talk does not emanate from Satan, whence does it come? Certainly it can not have the Divine approval, else what comes of the injunction uttered by the Saviour, "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder?"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Picture-lovers and picture-buyers have had ample opportunity this winter to gratify their taste and to expend their money. New York abounds in fine collections, which are on exhibition; and it is stated that not less than a thousand paintings will be sold at auction within two months from the time when we pen this paragraph. The interest in art seems every where quickened, and artistic taste is rapidly developing among the masses. A visit to some of our picture-galleries is a delightful way of spending an afternoon. The water-color exhibition at the Academy of Design plainly indicates a marked progress and a growing appreciation of this kind of painting. There are about five hundred pictures in the collection, many of which are by foreign artists. At the Somerville Gallery, at the Leavitt and the Leeds Art Rooms, at Goupil's, Schaus's, Snedicor's, M'Lean's, and at numerous other places, the amateur may always find beauties upon which to feast his eyes. Soon the contributions of the French and German artists to the Chicago Relief Fund will be exhibited, and to some extent the Metropolitan Art Museum will be accessible to the public. So day after day artistic works of interest come before the public eye, aiding in the culture of taste among the people. One of the most noteworthy paintings on exhibition is the "Crucifixion," by Gérome, which has attracted much attention from critics and connoisseurs. Brion's "Sixth Day of Creation" is a large and most remarkable picture, displaying great power—although any attempt to personify God is peculiarly open to criticism. Two large and interesting paintings by Selous, of London, are now in this city for exhibition. They are called "Jerusalem in her Grandeur" and "Modern Jerusalem," and will repay careful study. But time and space would fail if we attempted to mention all the noted pictures which New York is this winter showing to her citizens.

The *Pall Mall Budget*, in the course of an article on the abuse of strong drinks, makes this alarming statement: "The fact is, that the habits which the lately fashionable medical patronage of alcohol has induced have spread not only into the drawing-room, but into the nursery. It has been quite a common practice of late years for complaisant practitioners to order wine for the little people as well as the grown ones. Port-wine has been a great panacea of late for paleness and lassitude in the nursery and the school-room. Fashionable boarding-schools have to keep an approved cellar, and the indulgent mothers are apt to think highly of the considerate doctor who agrees that 'the child needs support, and would be all the better for a little wine at dinner.'"

It may be considered as among the important signs of the times that the Belgian Chambers have just voted a new law establishing traveling scholarships for young graduates of the various faculties, and giving preference by a special article, to take effect from 1873, to those competitors who know English, German, and Italian. M. Jules Simón has also in France introduced into the National Assembly, on the part of the government, a *projet de loi* for the establishment of similar scholarships, which resemble in principle the Radcliffe traveling scholarships of the University of Oxford. The chief scientific journal of France, while applauding the minister's proposition, expresses a desire that a similar provision to that of the Belgian law may be added, in order to encourage the study of foreign languages among French students, "hitherto too much neglected."

The English papers rejoice over the prospect of a radical reform in certain funeral customs. The reformation is due to the clergy, who, at a recent meeting held at the Bishop of Dover's house, determined that for the future they would decline to accept scarfs and hat-bands on these occasions. The *Dispatch* applauds the movement, and adds, facetiously, that it "hopes that the good example will be followed by doctors, who are in the habit of attending the funerals of those whom they have failed to cure, and who might testify their regret at such failure, and their sympathy with sorrowing relatives, by refusing to receive several yards of silk or crape."

No wonder that small-pox continues to spread! A short time since an individual claiming to be a physician had a patient who was attacked with small-pox. It was necessary to take him to the Flatbush Hospital; but the physician (?), instead of taking him in a private conveyance thither, took him on a public street-car, where were a number of persons. The offender was brought up before a justice and fined fifty dollars, which was far too small an amount for such criminal carelessness or ignorance.

During the trial of Mrs. Wharton sixty-six witnesses were summoned, and fifty-six sworn. The cost of the trial was about sixteen thousand dollars.

Lord Lurgan's famous dog, Master M'Grath—the most celebrated dog in Irish history—recently died of pneumonia, to the great regret of all lovers of sport.

Among the "melancholy deaths" reported in the Scotch papers is that of an immense cat, the property of a hair-dresser in Prince's Street, Edinburgh. The creature was said to have been one of the sights of Edinburgh—a model of beauty and a king of cats.

The young daughter of Jenny Lind, now only fourteen, promises to equal, if not to surpass, her mother in the sweetness and compass of her voice.

There are now 1550 miles of railroads in operation in Minnesota. Ten years ago there were only twenty miles.

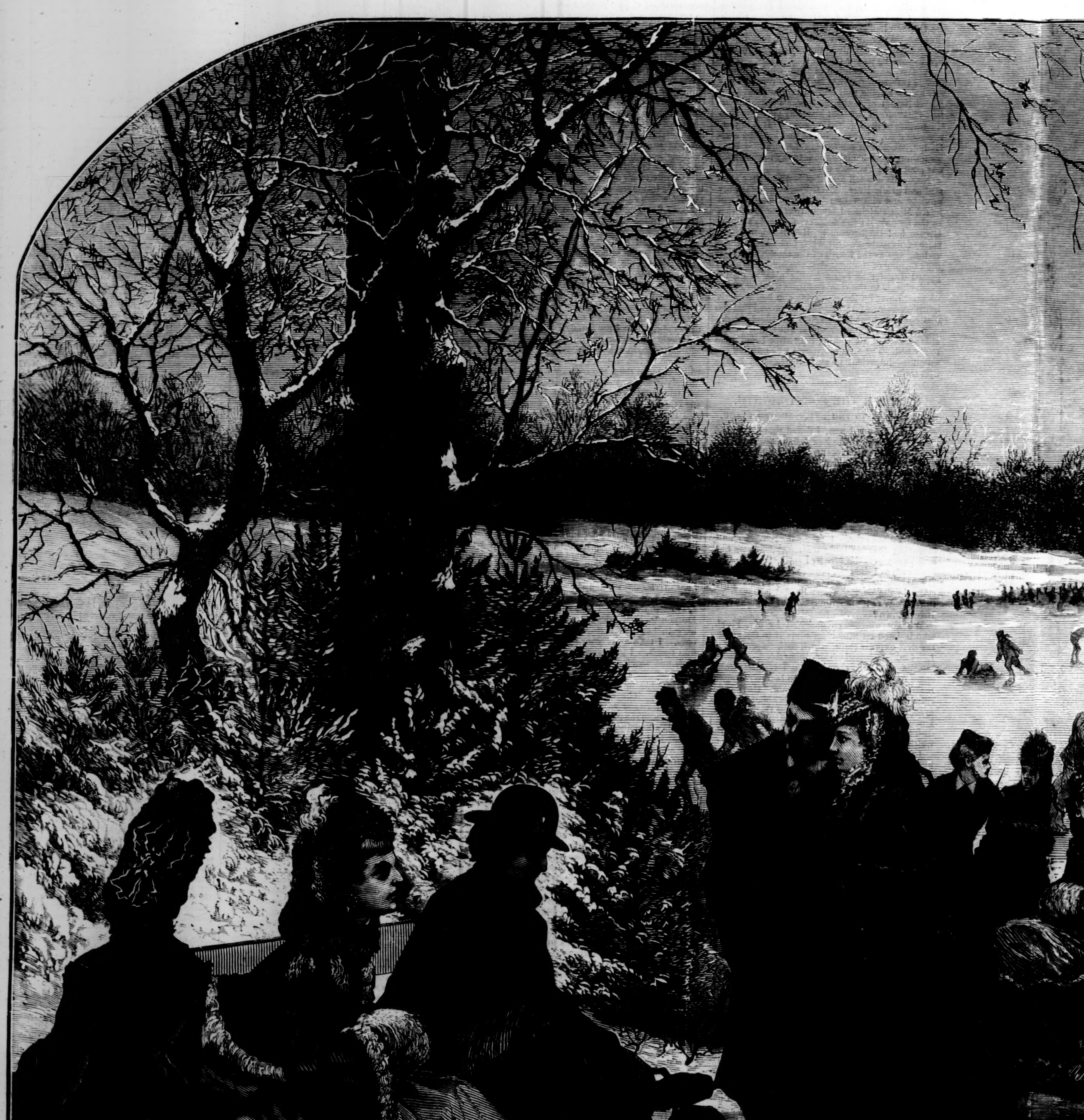
It is stated that out of thirty-five or forty thousand persons who make up the so-called criminal class of the United States, eight thousand are held for trial or as witnesses. Much the larger part of these are held as witnesses. It is to be hoped that the National Prison Association will mitigate the condition of these unfortunates. A case which, perhaps, is not unlike thousands is that of the waiter-boy who happened to see the shooting of James Fisk at the Grand Central Hotel. He was at once seized and deprived of his liberty, and until, in the slow course of justice, Stokes is convicted or acquitted, he will be held as a prisoner. He has committed no crime, his knowledge of the shooting was gained involuntarily, and yet he is imprisoned as closely as the accused person himself.

An exchange desires to know, before we quite lose sight of the former Russian minister, whether his name is pronounced *Cat*acazy, or Ca*tac*azy, or Cata*ca*zy, or Cataca*zy*.

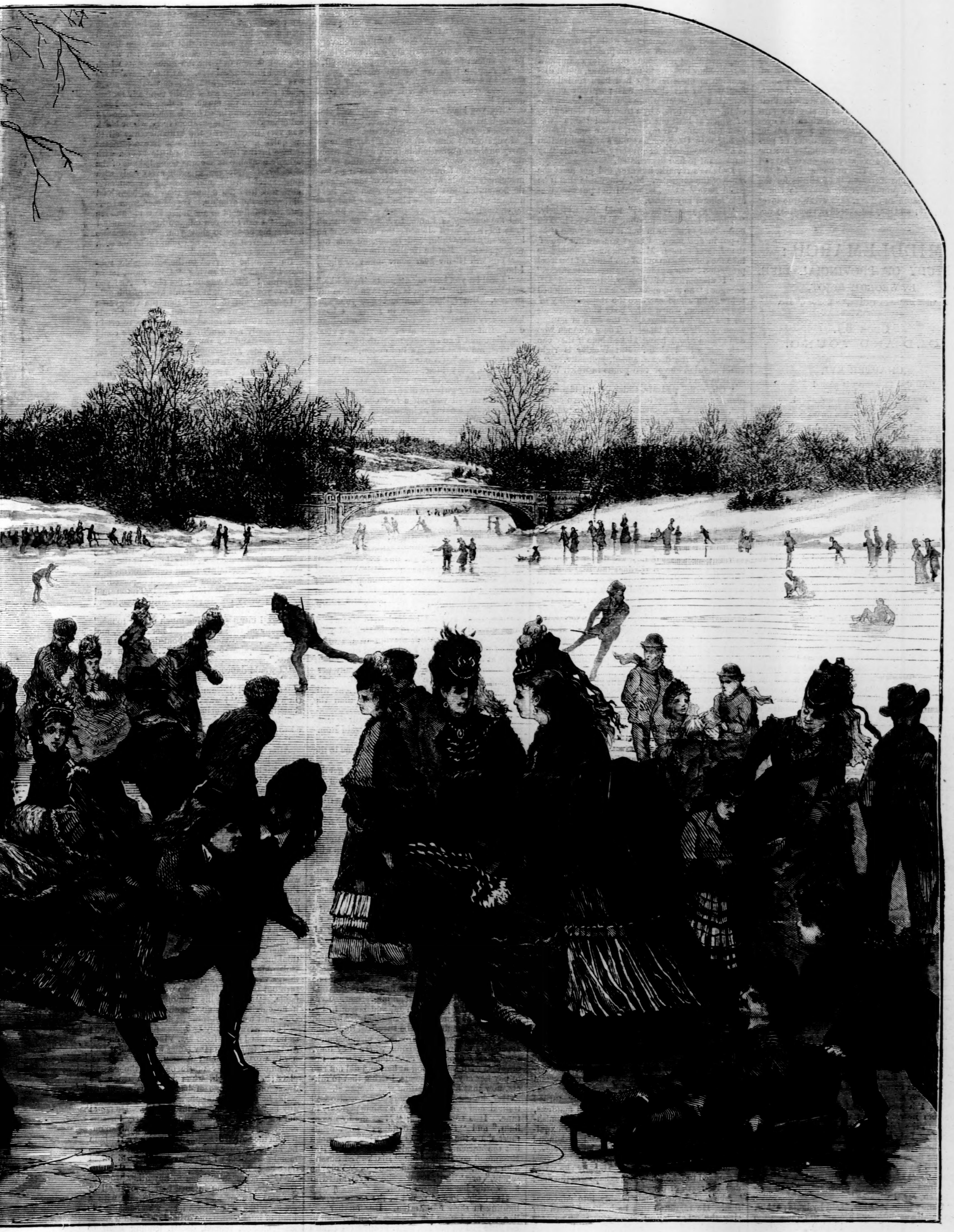
The Young Ladies' Christian Association of this city, although it has been organized but two years, has already accomplished much good. The present rooms of the association are at No. 64 Irving Place. A lady is in attendance, and a comfortable reception-room is open from eight in the morning until nine at night, where young girls are kindly welcomed. Connected with this are a reading-room, and a library of 700 well-chosen books. A prominent feature of the institution is an employment bureau, having for its design the securing of situations for deserving young women. Good boarding-places are also procured for those who desire; and instruction in machine-sewing, dress-making, and fine needle-work is given. Thus are the young ladies of the city doing a good work among the poor and friendless of their own sex. They particularly desire to aid those who have been reduced from comfortable circumstances to a struggle for daily bread in a large city.

We have had high gales in this vicinity lately. A passenger on the Flushing Railroad train, while passing from one car to another, was caught by the wind and hurled the distance of twenty feet. But if the violence of gales is to be measured by the distance which people are blown, we can not boast of any thing great in this section of country. The Youghiogheny Valley takes the palm. One young woman in that region was lately seized by a gust of wind and carried 460 yards by actual measurement. So the story goes. She was not killed, but only received a number of severe bruises in falling through an apple-tree.

It is reported by a careful computer of statistics that there are 8,000,000 people in the United States who use tobacco in some form. As taxes were collected last year on 95,000,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco and 1,330,000 cigars, the average allowance for each consumer of tobacco that had paid the tax would be 11 pounds and 169 cigars per year.



SKATING IN THE CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by J



awn by Jules Tavernier.—[See Page 146.]

SKATING IN CENTRAL PARK.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The ball's up! There's skating at the Park! The bare announcement is sufficient to crowd the pond with a merry throng of skaters, who, from early morn till evening late, delight to skim its glassy surface. The day on which our broad picture, shown on pages 144 and 145, was drawn was one of the most favorable of the season. Thousands of both sexes and of all ages are in attendance, and may be seen indulging in the healthful sport. The ever-gliding figures of the skaters in their rich and varied costumes present at every turn a scene of freshest beauty, upon which the eyes may look with tireless satisfaction. Some among them are of the most indifferent order of performers, but by far the greater number are the equals of any in the country for dexterity and grace of movement. The extreme cold of the past few days has increased the facilities for the sport, and the promise is for weeks to come. May the season run long, says every true lover of the sport; and may the season run long, say we.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book II.

OLD AND YOUNG.

CHAPTER XVI.

> "All that in woman is adored
> In thy fair self I find—
> For the whole sex can but afford
> The handsome and the kind."
> —Sir Charles Sedley.

The question whether Mr. Tyke should be appointed as salaried chaplain to the hospital was an exciting topic to the Middlemarchers; and Lydgate heard it discussed in a way that threw much light on the power exercised in the town by Mr. Bulstrode. The banker was evidently a ruler, but there was an opposition party, and even among his supporters there were some who allowed it to be seen that their support was a compromise, and who frankly stated their impression that the general scheme of things, and especially the casualties of trade, required you to hold a candle to the devil.

Mr. Bulstrode's power was not due simply to his being a country banker who knew the financial secrets of most traders in the town, and could touch the springs of their credit; it was fortified by a beneficence that was at once ready and severe—ready to confer obligations, and severe in watching the result. He had gathered, as an industrious man always at his post, a chief share in administering the town charities, and his private charities were both minute and abundant. He would take a great deal of pains about apprenticing Tegg the shoe-maker's son, and he would watch over Tegg's church-going; he would defend Mrs. Strype the washer-woman against Stubb's unjust exaction on the score of her drying-ground, and he would himself scrutinize a calumny against Mrs. Strype. His private minor loans were numerous, but he would inquire strictly into the circumstances both before and after. In this way a man gathers a domain in his neighbors' hope and fear as well as gratitude; and power, when once it has got into that subtle region, propagates itself, spreading out of all proportion to its external means. It was a principle with Mr. Bulstrode to gain as much power as possible, that he might use it for the glory of God. He went through a great deal of spiritual conflict and inward argument in order to adjust his motives, and make clear to himself what God's glory required. But, as we have seen, his motives were not always rightly appreciated. There were many crass minds in Middlemarch whose reflective scales could only weigh things in the lump; and they had a strong suspicion that since Mr. Bulstrode could not enjoy life in their fashion, eating and drinking so little as he did, and worriting himself about every thing, he must have a sort of vampire's feast in the sense of mastery.

The subject of the chaplaincy came up at Mr. Vincy's table when Lydgate was dining there, and the family connection with Mr. Bulstrode did not, he observed, prevent some freedom of remark even on the part of the host himself, though his reasons against the proposed arrangement turned entirely on his objection to Mr. Tyke's sermons, which were all doctrine, and his preference for Mr. Farebrother, whose sermons were free from that taint. Mr. Vincy liked well enough the notion of the chaplain's having a salary, supposing it were given to Farebrother, who was as good a little fellow as ever breathed, and the best preacher any where, and companionable too.

"What line shall you take, then?" said Mr. Chichely, the coroner, a great coursing comrade of Mr. Vincy's.

"Oh, I'm precious glad I'm not one of the Directors now. I shall vote for referring the matter to the Directors and the Medical Board together. I shall roll some of my responsibility on your shoulders, doctor," said Mr. Vincy, glancing first at Dr. Sprague, the senior physician of the town, and then at Lydgate, who sat opposite. "You medical gentlemen must consult which sort of black draught you will prescribe, eh, Mr. Lydgate?"

"I know little of either," said Lydgate; "but, in general, appointments are apt to be made too much a question of personal liking. The fittest man for a particular post is not always the best fellow or the most agreeable. Sometimes, if you wanted to get a reform, your only way would be to pension off the good fellows whom every body is fond of, and put them out of the question."

Dr. Sprague, who was considered the physician of most "weight," though Dr. Minchin was usually said to have more "penetration," divested his large, heavy face of all expression, and looked at his wine-glass while Lydgate was speaking. Whatever was not problematical and suspected about this young man—for example, a certain showiness as to foreign ideas, and a disposition to unsettle what had been settled and forgotten by his elders—was positively unwelcome to a physician whose standing had been fixed thirty years before by a treatise on Meningitis, of which at least one copy marked "own" was bound in calf. For my part, I have some fellow-feeling with Dr. Sprague: one's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.

Lydgate's remark, however, did not meet the sense of the company. Mr. Vincy said that if he could have *his* way, he would not put disagreeable fellows any where.

"Hang your reforms!" said Mr. Chichely. "There's no greater humbug in the world. You never hear of a reform but it means some trick to put in new men. I hope you are not one of the *Lancet's* men, Mr. Lydgate—wanting to take the coronership out of the hands of the legal profession! your words appear to point that way."

"I disapprove of Wakley," interposed Dr. Sprague; "no man more: he is an ill-intentioned fellow, who would sacrifice the respectability of the profession, which every body knows depends on the London colleges, for the sake of getting some notoriety for himself. There are men who don't mind about being kicked blue if they can only get talked about. But Wakley is right sometimes," the doctor added, judicially. "I could mention one or two points in which Wakley is in the right."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Chichely, "I blame no man for standing up in favor of his own cloth; but, coming to argument, I should like to know how a coroner is to judge of evidence if he has not had a legal training?"

"In my opinion," said Lydgate, "legal training only makes a man more incompetent in questions that require knowledge of another kind. People talk about evidence as if it could really be weighed in scales by a blind Justice. No man can judge what is good evidence on any particular subject unless he knows that subject well. A lawyer is no better than an old woman at a *post-mortem* examination. How is he to know the action of a poison? You might as well say that scanning verse will teach you to scan the potato crops."

"You are aware, I suppose, that it is not the coroner's business to conduct the *post-mortem*, but only to take the evidence of the medical witness?" said Mr. Chichely, with some scorn.

"Who is often almost as ignorant as the coroner himself," said Lydgate. "Questions of medical jurisprudence ought not to be left to the chance of decent knowledge in a medical witness, and the coroner ought not to be a man who will believe that strychnine will destroy the coats of the stomach if an ignorant practitioner happens to tell him so."

Lydgate had really lost sight of the fact that Mr. Chichely was his Majesty's coroner, and ended innocently with the question, "Don't you agree with me, Dr. Sprague?"

"To a certain extent—with regard to populous districts, and in the metropolis," said the doctor. "But I hope it will be long before this part of the country loses the services of my friend Chichely, even though it might get the best man in our profession to succeed him. I am sure Vincy will agree with me."

"Yes, yes; give me a coroner who is a good coursing man," said Mr. Vincy, jovially. "And in my opinion, you're safest with a lawyer. Nobody can know every thing. Most things are 'visitation of God.' And as to poisoning, why, what you want to know is the law. Come, shall we join the ladies?"

Lydgate's private opinion was that Mr. Chichely might be the very coroner without bias as to the coats of the stomach, but he had not meant to be personal. This was one of the difficulties of moving in good Middlemarch society: it was dangerous to insist on knowledge as a qualification for any salaried office. Fred Vincy had called Lydgate a prig, and now Mr. Chichely was inclined to call him prick-eared; especially when, in the drawing-room, he seemed to be making himself eminently agreeable to Rosamond, whom he had easily monopolized in a *tête-à-tête*, since Mrs. Vincy herself sat at the tea-table. She resigned no domestic function to her daughter; and the matron's blooming, good-natured face, with the too volatile pink strings floating from her fine throat, and her cheery manners to her husband and children, was certainly among the great attractions of the Vincy house—attractions which made it all the easier to fall in love with the daughter. The tinge of unpretentious, inoffensive vulgarity in Mrs. Vincy gave more effect to Rosamond's refinement, which was beyond what Lydgate had expected.

Certainly, small feet and perfectly turned shoulders aid the impression of refined manners, and the right thing said seems quite astonishingly right when it is accompanied with exquisite curves of lip and eyelid. And Rosamond could say the right thing; for she was clever with that sort of cleverness which catches every tone except the humorous. Happily she never attempted to joke, and this perhaps was the most decisive mark of her cleverness.

She and Lydgate got readily into conversation. He regretted that he had not heard her sing the other day at Stone Court. The only pleasure he allowed himself during the latter part of his stay at Paris was to go and hear music.

"You have studied music, probably?" said Rosamond.

"No; I know the notes of many birds, and I know many melodies by ear; but the music that I don't know at all, and have no notion about, delights me—affects me. How stupid the world is that it does not make more use of such a pleasure within its reach!"

"Yes, and you will find Middlemarch very tuneless. There are hardly any good musicians. I only know two gentlemen who sing at all well."

"I suppose it is the fashion to sing comic songs in a rhythmic way, leaving you to fancy the tune—very much as if it were tapped on a drum?"

"Ah, you have heard Mr. Bowyer," said Rosamond, with one of her rare smiles. "But we are speaking very ill of our neighbors."

Lydgate was almost forgetting that he must carry on the conversation, in thinking how lovely this creature was, her garment seeming to be made out of the faintest blue sky, herself so immaculately blonde, as if the petals of some gigantic flower had just opened and disclosed her; and yet with this infantine blondeness showing so much ready, self-possessed grace. Since he had had the memory of Laure, Lydgate had lost all taste for large-eyed silence: the divine cow no longer attracted him, and Rosamond was her very opposite. But he recalled himself.

"You will let me hear some music to-night, I hope."

"I will let you hear my attempts, if you like," said Rosamond. "Papa is sure to insist on my singing. But I shall tremble before you, who have heard the best singers in Paris. I have heard very little: I have only once been to London. But our organist at St. Peter's is a good musician, and I go on studying with him."

"Tell me what you saw in London."

"Very little." (A more *naïve* girl would have said, "Oh, every thing!" But Rosamond knew better.) "A few of the ordinary sights, such as raw country girls are always taken to."

"Do you call yourself a raw country girl?" said Lydgate, looking at her with an involuntary emphasis of admiration which made Rosamond blush with pleasure. But she remained simply serious, turned her long neck a little, and put up her hand to touch her wondrous hair-plaits—a habitual gesture with her, as pretty as any movements of a kitten's paw. Not that Rosamond was in the least like a kitten: she was a sylph caught young and educated at Mrs. Lemon's.

"I assure you my mind is raw," she said, immediately; "I pass at Middlemarch. I am not afraid of talking to our old neighbors. But I am really afraid of you."

"An accomplished woman almost always knows more than we men, though her knowledge is of a different sort. I am sure you could teach me a thousand things—as an exquisite bird could teach a bear if there were any common language between them. Happily there is a common language between women and men, and so the bears can get taught."

"Ah, there is Fred beginning to strum! I must go and hinder him from jarring all your nerves," said Rosamond, moving to the other side of the room, where Fred, having opened the piano, at his father's desire, that Rosamond might give them some music, was parenthetically performing "Cherry Ripe" with one hand. Able men who have passed their examinations will do these things sometimes not less than the plucked Fred.

"Fred, pray defer your practicing till to-morrow; you will make Mr. Lydgate ill," said Rosamond. "He has an ear."

Fred laughed, and went on with his tune to the end.

Rosamond turned to Lydgate, smiling gently, and said, "You perceive, the bears will not always be taught."

"Now then, Rosy!" said Fred, springing from the stool and twisting it upward for her, with a hearty expectation of enjoyment. "Some good rousing tunes first."

Rosamond played admirably. Her master at Mrs. Lemon's school (close to a county town with a memorable history that had its relics in church and castle) was one of those excellent musicians, here and there to be found in our provinces, worthy to compare with many a noted Kapellmeister in a country which offers more plentiful conditions of musical celebrity. Rosamond, with the executant's instinct, had seized his manner of playing, and gave forth his large rendering of noble music with the precision of an echo. It was almost startling, heard for the first time. A hidden soul seemed to be flowing forth from Rosamond's fingers; and so indeed it was, since souls live on in perpetual echoes, and to all fine expression there goes somewhere an originating activity, if it be only that of an interpreter. Lydgate was taken possession of, and began to believe in her as something exceptional. After all, he thought, one need not be surprised to find the rare conjunctions of nature under circumstances apparently unfavorable: come where they may, they always depend on conditions that are not obvious. He sat looking at her, and did not rise to pay her any compliments, leaving that to others, now that his admiration was deepened.

Her singing was less remarkable, but also well trained, and sweet to hear as a chime perfectly in tune. It is true she sang "Meet me by moonlight," and "I've been roaming;" for mortals must share the fashions of their time, and none but the ancients can be always classical. But Rosamond could also sing "Black-eyed Susan" with effect, or Haydn's canzonets, or "Voi, che sapete," or "Batti, batti"—she only wanted to know what her audience liked.

Her father looked round at the company, delighting in their admiration. Her mother sat, like a Niobe before her troubles, with her youngest little girl on her lap, softly beating the child's hand up and down in time to the music. And Fred, notwithstanding his general skepticism about Rosy, listened to her music with perfect allegiance, wishing he could do the same thing on his flute. It was the pleasantest family party that Lydgate had seen since he came to Middlemarch. The Vincys had the readiness to enjoy, the rejection of all anxiety, and the belief in life as a merry lot, which made a house exceptional in most county towns at that time, when Evangelicalism had cast a certain suspicion as of plague-infection over the few amusements which survived in the provinces. At the Vincys' there was always whist, and the card-tables stood ready now, making some of the company secretly impatient of the music. Before it ceased Mr. Farebrother came in—a handsome, broad-chested but otherwise small man, about forty, whose black was very threadbare: the brilliancy was all in his quick gray eyes. He came like a pleasant change in the light, arresting little Louisa with fatherly nonsense as she was being led out of the room by Miss Morgan, greeting every body with some special word, and seeming to condense more talk into ten minutes than had been held all through the evening. He claimed from Lydgate the fulfillment of a promise to come and see him. "I can't let you off, you know, because I have some beetles to show you. We collectors feel an interest in every new man till he has seen all we have to show him."

But soon he swerved to the whist-table, rubbing his hands and saying, "Come now, let us be serious! Mr. Lydgate? not play? Ah! you are too young and light for this kind of thing."

Lydgate said to himself that the clergyman whose abilities were so painful to Mr. Bulstrode appeared to have found an agreeable resort in this certainly not erudite household. He could half understand it: the good humor, the good looks of elder and younger, and the provision for passing the time without any labor of intelligence, might make the house beguiling to people who had no particular use for their odd hours.

Every thing looked blooming and joyous except Miss Morgan, who was brown, dull, and resigned, and altogether, as Mrs. Vincy often said, just the sort of person for a governess. Lydgate did not mean to pay many such visits himself. They were a wretched waste of the evenings; and now, when he had talked a little more to Rosamond, he meant to excuse himself and go.

"You will not like us at Middlemarch, I feel sure," she said, when the whist-players were settled. "We are very stupid, and you have been used to something quite different."

"I suppose all country towns are pretty much alike," said Lydgate. "But I have noticed that one always believes one's own town to be more stupid than any other. I have made up my mind to take Middlemarch as it comes, and shall be much obliged if the town will take me in the same way. I have certainly found some charms in it which are much greater than I had expected."

"You mean the rides toward Tipton and Lowick; every one is pleased with those," said Rosamond, with simplicity.

"No, I mean something much nearer to me."

Rosamond rose and reached her netting, and then said, "Do you care about dancing at all? I am not quite sure whether clever men ever dance."

"I would dance with you, if you would allow me."

"Oh!" said Rosamond, with a slight deprecatory laugh. "I was only going to say that we sometimes have dancing, and I wanted to know whether you would feel insulted if you were asked to come."

"Not on the condition I mentioned."

After this chat Lydgate thought that he was going, but on moving toward the whist-tables, he got interested in watching Mr. Farebrother's play, which was masterly, and also his face, which was a striking mixture of the shrewd and the mild. At ten o'clock supper was brought in (such were the customs of Middlemarch), and there was punch-drinking; but Mr. Farebrother had only a glass of water. He was winning, but there seemed to be no reason why the renewal of rubbers should end, and Lydgate at last took his leave.

But as it was not eleven o'clock, he chose to walk in the brisk air toward the tower of St. Botolph's, Mr. Farebrother's church, which stood out dark, square, and massive against the starlight. It was the oldest church in Middlemarch; the living, however, was but a vicarage worth barely four hundred a year. Lydgate had heard that, and he wondered now whether Mr. Farebrother cared about the money he won at cards; thinking, "He seems a very pleasant fellow, but Bulstrode may have his good reasons." Many things would be easier to Lydgate if it should turn out that Mr. Bulstrode was generally justifiable. "What is his religious doctrine to me, if he carries some good notions along with it? One must use such brains as are to be found."

These were actually Lydgate's first meditations as he walked away from Mr. Vincy's, and on this ground I fear that many ladies will consider him hardly worthy of their attention. He thought of Rosamond and her music only in the second place; and though, when her turn came, he dwelt on the image of her for the rest of his walk, he felt no agitation, and had no sense that any new current had set into his life. He could not marry yet; he wished not to marry for several years; and therefore he was not ready to entertain the notion of being in love with a girl whom he happened to admire. He did admire Rosamond exceedingly; but that madness which had once beset him about Laure was not, he thought, likely to occur in relation to any other woman. Certainly, if falling in love had been at all in question, it would have been quite safe with a creature like this Miss Vincy, who had just the kind of intelligence one would desire in a woman—polished, refined, docile, lending itself to finish in all the delicacies of life, and enshrined in a body which expressed this with a force of demonstration that excluded the need for other evidence. Lydgate felt sure that if ever he married, his wife would have that feminine radiance, that distinctive womanhood which must be classed with flowers and music, that sort of beauty which by its very nature was virtuous, being moulded only for pure and delicate joys.

But since he did not mean to marry for the next five years—his more pressing business was to look into Louis's new book on Fever, which he was specially interested in, because he had known Louis in Paris, and had followed many anatomical demonstrations in order to ascertain the specific differences of typhus and typhoid. He went home and read far into the smallest hour, bringing a much more testing vision of details and relations into this pathological study than he had ever thought it necessary to apply to the complexities of love and marriage, these being subjects on which he felt himself amply informed by literature, and that traditional wisdom which is handed down in the genial conversation of men. Whereas Fever had obscure conditions, and gave him that delightful labor of the imagination which is not mere arbitrariness, but the exercise of disciplined power — combining and constructing with the clearest eye for probabilities and the fullest obedience to knowledge; and then, in yet more energetic alliance with impartial Nature, standing aloof to invent tests by which to try its own work.

Many men have been praised as vividly imaginative on the strength of their profuseness in indifferent drawing or cheap narration: reports of very poor talk going on in distant orbs; or portraits of Lucifer coming down on his bad errands as a large, ugly man with bat's wings and spurts of phosphorescence; or exaggerations of wantonness that seemed to reflect life in a diseased dream. But these kinds of inspiration Lydgate regarded as rather vulgar and vinous compared with the imagination that reveals subtile actions inaccessible by any sort of lens, but tracked in that outer darkness through long pathways of necessary sequence by the inward light which is the last refinement of energy, capable of bathing even the ethereal atoms in its ideally illuminated space. He, for his part, had tossed away all cheap inventions where ignorance finds itself able and at ease: he was enamored of that arduous invention which is the very eye of research, provisionally framing its object and correcting it to more and more exactness of relation; he wanted to pierce the obscurity of those minute processes which prepare human misery and joy, those invisible thoroughfares which are the first lurking-places of anguish, mania, and crime, that delicate poise and transition which determine the growth of happy or unhappy consciousness.

As he threw down his book, stretched his legs toward the embers in the grate, and clasped his hands at the back of his head, in that agreeable after-glow of excitement when thought lapses from examination of a specific object into a suffusive sense of its connections with all the rest of our existence—seems, as it were, to throw itself on its back after vigorous swimming, and float with the repose of unexhausted strength—Lydgate felt a triumphant delight in his studies, and something like pity for those less lucky men who were not of his profession.

"If I had not taken that turn when I was a lad," he thought, "I might have got into some stupid draught-horse work or other, and lived always in blinkers. I should never have been happy in any profession that did not call forth the highest intellectual strain, and yet keep me in good warm contact with my neighbors. There is nothing like the medical profession for that: one can have the exclusive scientific life that touches the distance, and befriend the old fogies in the parish too. It is rather harder for a clergyman: Farebrother seems to be an anomaly."

This last thought brought back the Vincys and all the pictures of the evening. They floated in his mind agreeably enough, and as he took up his bed-candle his lips were curled with that incipient smile which is apt to accompany agreeable recollections. He was an ardent fellow, but at present his ardor was absorbed in love of his work and in the ambition of making his life recognized as a factor in the better life of mankind—like other heroes of science who had nothing but an obscure country practice to begin with.

Poor Lydgate! or shall I say, Poor Rosamond! Each lived in a world of which the other knew nothing. It had not occurred to Lydgate that he had been a subject of eager meditation to Rosamond, who had neither any reason for throwing her marriage into distant perspective, nor any pathological studies to divert her mind from that ruminating habit, that inward repetition of looks, words, and phrases, which makes a large part in the lives of most girls. He had not meant to look at her or speak to her with more than the inevitable amount of admiration and compliment which a man must give to a beautiful girl; indeed, it seemed to him that his enjoyment of her music had remained almost silent, for he feared falling into the rudeness of telling her his great surprise at her possession of such accomplishment. But Rosamond had registered every look and word, and estimated them as the opening incidents of a preconceived romance—incidents which gather value from the foreseen development and climax. In Rosamond's romance it was not necessary to imagine much about the inward life of the hero, or of his serious business in the world: of course, he had a profession and was clever, as well as sufficiently handsome; but the piquant fact about Lydgate was his good birth, which distinguished him from all Middlemarch admirers, and presented marriage as a prospect of rising in rank and getting a little nearer to that celestial condition on earth in which she would have nothing to do with vulgar people, and perhaps at last associate with relatives quite equal to the county people who looked down on the Middlemarchers. It was part of Rosamond's cleverness to discern very subtly the faintest aroma of rank, and once when she had seen the Misses Brooke accompanying their uncle at the county assizes, and seated among the aristocracy, she had envied them, notwithstanding their plain dress.

If you think it incredible that to imagine Lydgate as a man of family could cause thrills of satisfaction which had any thing to do with the sense that she was in love with him, I will ask you to use your power of comparison a little more effectively, and consider whether red cloth and epaulets have never had an influence of that sort. Our passions do not live apart in locked chambers, but, dressed in their small wardrobe of notions, bring their provisions to a common table and mess together, feeding out of the common store according to their appetite.

Rosamond, in fact, was entirely occupied, not exactly with Tertius Lydgate as he was in himself, but with his relation to her; and it was excusable in a girl who was accustomed to hear that all young men might, could, would be, or actually were in love with her, to believe at once that Lydgate could be no exception. His looks and words meant more to her than other men's, because she cared more for them: she thought of them diligently, and diligently attended to that perfection of appearance, behavior, sentiments, and all other elegancies, which would find in Lydgate a more adequate admirer than she had yet been conscious of.

For Rosamond, though she would never do any thing that was disagreeable to her, was industrious; and now more than ever she was active in sketching her landscapes and market-carts and portraits of friends, in practicing her music, and in being from morning till night her own standard of a perfect lady, having always an audience in her own consciousness, with sometimes the not unwelcome addition of a more variable external audience in the numerous visitors of the house. She found time also to read the best novels, and even the second best, and she knew much poetry by heart. Her favorite poem was "Lalla Rookh."

"The best girl in the world! He will be a happy fellow who gets her!" was the sentiment of the elderly gentlemen who visited the Vincys; and the rejected young men thought of trying again, as is the fashion in country towns where the horizon is not thick with coming rivals. But Mrs. Plymdale thought that Rosamond had been educated to a ridiculous pitch, for what was the use of accomplishments which would be all laid aside as soon as she was married? While her aunt Bulstrode, who had a sisterly faithfulness toward her brother's family, had two sincere wishes for Rosamond—that she might show a more serious turn of mind, and that she might meet with a husband whose wealth corresponded to her habits.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Sir Roderick Murchison has bequeathed £1000 to the London Geological Society, to be known as the Murchison Geological Fund, the proceeds of which are to be annually devoted by the council to the encouragement and assistance of geological investigation.

According to the editor of the *Journal of Conchology*, of Paris, the Paris Museum received twenty-three shots from cannon of the German besiegers in the course of the siege, destroying many of the plant-houses. Two of these balls exploded in the conchological laboratory, in the care of Professor Deshayes, causing great injury to the specimens, and the *Septaria* in the general collection were literally ground to powder. The large collection of shells of the lower sands of the Paris basin was entirely destroyed. This is much to be lamented in a scientific point of view, as it contained many types. A ball also passed through a glass case containing the unios and anodonta.

In referring to the explorations of Dr. Hayden about the Yellow Stone Lake during the past summer, mention was made of the fact that the trout all seemed very much infested with a peculiar kind of worm, which interfered considerably with the enjoyment of eating them. Specimens of this animal have been submitted to Professor Leidy, of Philadelphia, who reports that they represent a new species or type of worm, of the genus *Dibothrium*. Two species of the genus have long been known as infesting salmon and other members of the trout family in Europe, but both are decidedly different from the new form just mentioned.

An important addition has been made to the list of works devoted to inquiries and instructions in regard to the great fisheries, in the form of a paper by Mr. Achille Costa upon the fisheries of the Gulf of Naples, published by the Royal Institute for the Encouragement of Natural Science, etc., of Naples. The subject is treated under four heads: first, a description of the various modes by which fishing is prosecuted in the Gulf of Naples, whether commendable or otherwise, with engravings of the nets and other apparatus used; second, the consideration of the various modes of fishing, and their relationship to the present and prospective supply; third, memoranda in regard to the localities in which the different kinds of fish and other marine animals are to be found, and the favorite places for depositing their spawn; and fourth, a systematic catalogue of the different species of marine animals found in the Gulf of Naples, and gathered for the purpose of serving as food.

We informed our readers some months ago that among the special objects of one of the Swedish arctic expeditions was the acquisition of some immense masses of meteoric iron found in the southern part of Greenland. Telegraphic advices from Stockholm announced not long since the return of this expedition and the successful accomplishment of its mission, and we now learn by accounts in the foreign journals that numerous masses were obtained, the largest weighing about 41,000 pounds, with a maximum sectional area of 42 square feet. The second in size weighed about 20,000 pounds, and was presented to Denmark, upon whose territory it had been found. The masses are mostly of iron, and exhibit all the usual characteristics. They were found lying loose on the shore, but resting upon basaltic rocks, supposed to be of the miocene age, and in which they appeared to have been imbedded, possibly by having fallen when the rock was still in a molten condition. Although these masses were found loose on the shore between high and low water mark, they are decomposing very rapidly since they have been transferred to Stockholm; so much so that it has been found almost impossible to preserve them—indeed, it has been actually proposed to immerse them in alcohol for this purpose. Mr. Maskelyne, of the British Museum, has suggested that this destruction is due to the absorption of chlorine, and advises the application of a varnish of shellac, dissolved in nearly absolute alcohol, and applied hot.

Mr. Frank Buckland, in *Land and Water*, refers to some "Saddle Rock" oysters which a friend had just sent him from New York. They were pronounced by the critic to be white, fat, and plump, and altogether first-class eating, with, however, a slight "mussel" taste about them. According to Mr. Buckland, the proper way of packing oysters, so as to keep them for a long time, is to place them carefully with the concave shell downward, by which means the moisture is all preserved, and the breathing apparatus is kept moist by the natural fluid.

Herr Pausch, a member of the late German polar expedition, recently made a communication to the German Anthropological Society in regard to certain abandoned habitations of the Esquimaux in East Greenland. He remarked that at each of seven different points they found three stone houses, some of them certainly over one hundred years of age. These were winter huts, the remnants of their summer abodes being indicated by stone rings. In many places there were indications of stone graves, and from the skeletons found in them tolerably well preserved crania were obtained, agreeing with the Eastern Esquimaux type as described by Virchow, and exhibiting the carnivorous habit in the highest degree. Remains of wood carving, tolerably well executed, occurred with the dead bodies, and in the heap were found bone knife-handles, harpoons of bone, arrow-tips, and even knife-shaped pieces of iron, probably obtained from the English expedition of 1823.

Professor Marsh reports to the *American Journal of Science* the discovery, during his explorations in 1871, of a remarkable fossil bird. It was found in the upper cretaceous of Western Kansas, and the remains consist of the greater portion of the skeleton, at least five feet in height, and which, although a true bird, as is shown by the vertebræ and other parts of the skeleton, differs widely from any known recent or extinct forms of that class, and affords a fine example of a comprehensive type. The bones are all well preserved. The femur is very short, but the other portions of the legs are quite elongated. On his return the professor proposes to describe this unique fossil, which appears to belong to the division of swimmers, under the name of *Hesperornis regalis*.

A descriptive catalogue of the birds of New Zealand, by Mr. Hutton, the assistant geologist connected with the government museum at Wellington, has just been published. This author enumerates one hundred and sixty species as indigenous to the island, and fifty-two introduced by the settlers. Among the latter are the robin-redbreast, the nightingale, the song thrush, the rook, the jackdaw, starling, American meadow-lark, American red-winged blackbird, the American scarlet tanager, the bull-finch, the gold-finch, linnet, sky-lark, and some other species.

In the December number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* we have a detailed though preliminary report of Payer and Weyprecht of their polar expedition of the past summer. The first acclamation with which the announcement of the discoveries of these gentlemen was received has been somewhat tempered by the criticisms of Markham and others; but while we are not able to admit that they have solved the general problem of a journey to the pole, we can hardly suppose that Dr. Petermann would have been so exultant without good grounds. The information of the report in question gives the diary of the journey from the beginning up to the 4th of October, when they reached Tromsöe, on their return. Their highest point reached (on the 6th of September) was 78° 5' north latitude, and 56° east longitude; and with the open sea expanding before them, their progress northward was only arrested by severe northerly winds, and the necessity of entering upon the homeward course, if they desired to avoid the possible danger of being blockaded by the ice and frozen in for the winter.

The earlier accounts of the expedition referred to the abundance of whales noticed; and in this report it is remarked that so many finbacks were seen that for days and days together numbers of them were continually in sight. They recommend for the future that three well-manned expeditions be sent out; one to investigate Gillies Land, and to proceed thence north-eastwardly; second, a special polar expedition for the purpose of attaining the highest latitude at about 42° east longitude; and the third, from Nova Zembla eastward, to investigate the Siberian Polynia. All three expeditions should be fitted out for passing the winter, and have auxiliary steam-power. The latter is indispensable, as the favorable condition of these seas occurs so late in the season as to make it proper that the brief period available for action should be made use of with all possible energy.

The same number of the *Mittheilungen* contains the report of Lamont's cruise from May to August, and notices of the labors of Johannesen, Mack, Carlsen, and others, in the summer of 1871. Captain Mack reached the degree of 80° east longitude without finding any ice.

We are glad to announce the receipt of advices as late as the 5th of November from Mr. William H. Dall, whose return to Alaska under the auspices of the Coast Survey we have already chronicled. Mr. Dall is well known for the encyclopedic work published by him some time ago upon Alaska, the result of several years' residence in that region. His present position gives him unusual advantages for observation and research, and will doubtless be made the most of in gathering an important mass of information. He is now stationed at Iliuliuk, in Unalaska, and engaged in surveying harbors and taking soundings, and generally in gathering such information as to the shores and their adjacent waters, the tides and currents, as will be to the interest of commerce and navigation. He is also using his opportunities in dredging for marine animals, and in making collections in natural history, of which he has already accumulated quite a variety.

Several years ago a royal commission was appointed in Great Britain to inquire into the probable duration of the supply of coal in the British Islands. In view of the depth to which the coal beds extend, it was, of course, necessary to fix an estimated limit to which mining operations could be profitably carried, and, after due inquiry, this was taken to be 4000 feet, since, although in some cases mining is prevented by excess of water, yet in Great Britain the deepest collieries are generally the dryest.

Another point for consideration was the waste in working the mines; but it was assumed that, under a favorable system, the loss should only be about ten per cent., although in many cases it amounts to as much as forty per cent. Taking 4000 feet, therefore, as the maximum depth to which work might be expected to extend, and excluding all seams less than one foot in thickness, it is estimated by the committee that there exist in the several coal fields of Great Britain upward of 90,207,000,000 tons; in addition to which there are vast tracts of coal lying beneath the permian, new red, and more recent strata. These are estimated at not less than 56,273,000,000, making an aggregate of 146,480,000,000 tons as the amount available in the British Islands. Assuming that the present rate of consumption—115,000,000 tons—remains constant, this amount of coal will last 1273 years. But should the rate of consumption increase as predicted by Professor Jevons, the supply will be exhausted in 110 years. Applying, however, a reasonable correction to Professor Jevons's estimate, it is thought that the quantity mentioned will last for 276 years.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A young fellow, not quite so wise as Solomon was eating some Cheshire cheese full of mites one night at the tavern. "Now," said he, "I have done as much as Samson, for I have slain my thousands and my ten thousands." "Yes," answered one of the company, "and with the same weapon too—the jaw-bone of an ass."

Cats are said to be endowed with an excellent *mew-cous* membrane.

Auctioneers are generally of a *mor-bid* disposition.

An Alabamian was lying in bed one Sunday morning, when a friend stepped in and said, "Brown, breakfast is coming on." "Let it come on," said Brown; "I am not afraid of it."

Two gentlemen, one named Woodcock, the other Fuller, walking together, happened to see an owl. Said Fuller, "That bird is very much like a Woodcock." "You are very far wrong," said Woodcock, "for it's Fuller in the head, Fuller in the eyes, and Fuller all over."

A Dangerous Vegetable—An artichoke.

A certain French gentleman, having been but a very little while in England, was invited to a friend's house, when a large bowl of punch was made—a liquor he had never seen before, and which did not at all agree with him; but having forgot the name of it, he asked a person the next day, "What dey call dat liquor in England which is all de contradiction — where is de brandy to make it strong and de vater to make it small, de sugar to make it sweet and de lemons to make it sour." "Punch," answered the other, "I suppose you mean." "Ay, ponch, begar!" cried monsieur; "it almost ponch my brain out last night."

There is a fellow in Waukegan so weak that he can not *heave* a sigh.

At a religious meeting a lady persevered in standing on a bench, and thus intercepting the view of others, though she was repeatedly requested to sit down. A reverend old gentleman at last rose and said, gravely, "I think if the lady knew that she had a large hole in each of her stockings, she would not exhibit them in this way." This had the desired effect—she immediately sank down on her seat. A young minister standing by blushed to the temples and said, "Oh, brother, how could you say what was not the fact?" "Not the fact!" replied the old gentleman: "if she had not a large hole in each of her stockings, I would like to know how she gets them on."

Cheap Architecture—Free-masonry.

A good joke is told of a young man who attended a social circle. The conversation turned on California and getting rich. Tom remarked that if he was in California he would, instead of working in the mines, waylay some rich man who had a bag full of gold, knock out his brains, gather up the gold, and skedaddle. One of the young ladies quietly replied that he had better gather up the brains, as he evidently stood in more need of that article than gold. Tom subsided.

"My boy," said a clergyman, "don't you know that it is wicked to catch fish on Sunday?" "Guess I hain't sinned much yet," said the boy, without taking his eye off the cork: "hain't had a bite."

A little boy, after watching the burning of the school-house until the novelty of the thing had ceased, started down the street, saying, "I am glad the old thing is burned down; I didn't have my jogfry lesson, nohow."

Why is this year like the year before last?—Year before last was 1870, and this is 1872 (eighteen hundred and seventy too).

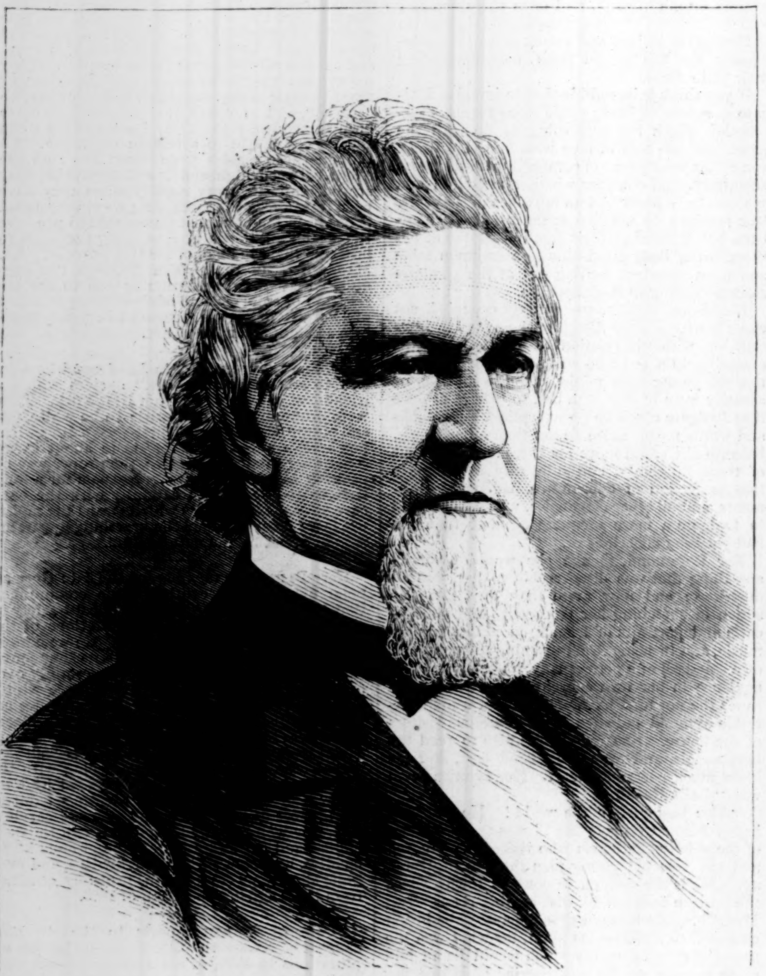
Faithful unto Death—Policemen: they often die with the *rattle* in their mouth.

What is the difference between a locomotive and a hound?—One tracks on the run, and the other runs on the track.

A young wife on being lately asked what she should do in case her husband should fail, replied, "Live on arms, to be sure. I have two and he has two, with hands at the ends of them." We will venture to say that that couple will never fail.

An illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote to the secretary as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass; I am sure of taking the premium."

THE LATE ISAAC RICH.



THE LATE ISAAC RICH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.]

THE late **ISAAC RICH**, of Boston, whose likeness appears on this page, had a remarkable history. He was born of humble parentage in the year 1801, in the fishing-town of Wellfleet, Massachusetts, and at an early stage of his life was left, by the death of his father, as the only support of the widowed mother and younger children. When about fourteen years of age he went to Boston, where he assisted his father during the summer in the care of a fish-stall, and eventually opened an oyster-stall of his own in Faneuil Hall. He might have been seen daily dragging a fish-cart around the city, or hawking oysters on his back by night. He was the first man, it was said, who ever blew a fish-horn in the streets of Boston, and he delighted to tell of it in after-years. He plodded on with untiring industry, and by his close attention to business soon attracted the attention of the proprietor of the Tremont Hotel, who one day asked him why he did not provide salmon for his customers. He replied that he had not money enough to buy a cargo at a time, as other dealers had, and therefore could not get them. Mr. **STETSON** at once advanced him the necessary means, and the next vessel-load of salmon that reached the docks was purchased by the young merchant. The outlay was $600, and the profit $100. Thus he continued until presently he had paid off the debt of borrowed money, and had a decent margin of his own. He rapidly developed all the essential qualities of a successful merchant, and in the course of years he was numbered among the millionaires of Boston.

When a mere lad he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and adhered to its doctrines until the day of his death. For a long time he was connected with the old Bennet Street church, situated on what he had called "Wesley Place." The love thus shown for the honored names of his Church was likewise displayed in the title of *Wilbur Fisk*, which he gave to one of his finest vessels.

He was exceedingly charitable, and gave to needy objects without regard to denominational names. As might have been expected, however, he gave the bulk of his money to the institutions of his own Church. Never having had an education himself, he felt the need of it, and determined to help others as far as he could to acquire knowledge. This accounts for the liberality of his gifts to educational institutions. In his will, which was admitted to probate January 29, he made the following disposition of his magnificent fortune:

After numerous private bequests, among which is $10,000 to the Rev. **JOSEPH CUMMINGS**, president of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, Mr. **RICH** directs that all his estate and property shall finally go to the trustees of the Boston Wesleyan University, and be under its management and direction, to promote and perpetuate piety and learning; and inasmuch as he hopes the Boston Theological Seminary will be merged in the Boston University, he directs his trustees, within three years after his decease, in case the Boston University shall have become possessed of real and personal estate to the value of $200,000, to pay to the trustees of said university the sum of $10,000, in five years $20,000, in seven years $30,000, and at the end of ten years to convey to said trustees all the real, personal, and mixed estate, together with the accumulations, for their absolute use and disposal forever. In case the Boston University does not within ten years acquire property to the value of $200,000, or in case it abandons its charter before that time, one undivided half of the above-mentioned property shall revert to the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut; $100,000 to the town of Wellfleet, the income to be used for purposes of education; $100,000 to the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham; $25,000 to the Preachers' Aid Society of the New England Conference; $25,000 to the New England Educational Society; $25,000 to the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill; $25,000 to the East Maine Conference Seminary at Bucksport; and the residue and remainder of all the property to the Wesleyan University at Middletown. **WILLIAM CLAFLIN**, of Newton, **WILLIAM H. WEST**, of Dorchester, and **JOHN GOLDSBURY**, of Boston, are named as executors. The property under the will is sworn at $1,700,000.

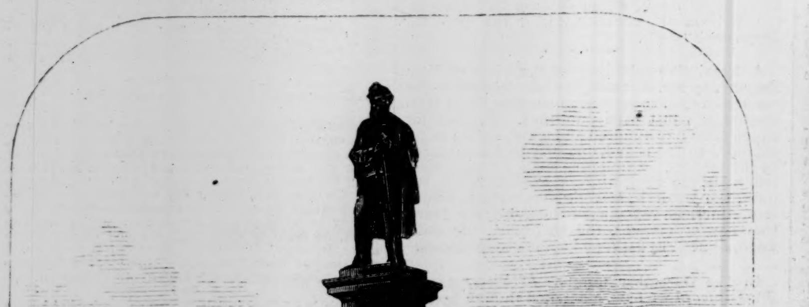
Mr. **RICH** was highly esteemed by his business associates, one of whom—Collector **RUSSELL**, at a meeting of the Fish and Salt Trade of Boston—paid this beautiful tribute to his memory:

> "It is a privilege to speak the truth of a departed friend, and I am glad and proud that I could call **ISAAC RICH** my friend. It is a personal grief to miss his cheerful face, his elastic step, his hearty counsel. We were often brought in contact by business, and I often had occasion to seek from him information and advice. Indeed, the stroke fell upon him while he was instructing me on a matter of interest to you all. It is needless to tell you that Mr. **RICH** was always intelligent, clear-headed, far-sighted, active, energetic—a man of absolute integrity, upright, downright, straightforward. What he said we knew to be exact truth. What he promised we counted as done. He was a model merchant. His life will always be an illustration of what a man can attain by industry and honesty. And his memory is respected, not only because he gained wealth by fair means, but because he knew how to use his wealth. He followed the advice which Dr. **WAYLAND** once gave to the merchants of Boston, and on every bond and on every deed he wrote, 'Sacred to the service of man and to the honor of God.' Hundreds of young men, through his liberality, have acquired learning and independence, and are leading useful lives. It is said that he has left great sums to the noble charities of education. He has left to us all an example how to transact business at once for this world and for the next. Mr. **RICH** was loved by his associates, and respected by the whole community.
>
> "'And to add greater honor to his age
> Than man could give him, he died fearing God.'
>
> "It is right that we should pay the poor tribute of our praise to his memory: happy, each of us, if we could live and die as he lived and died."

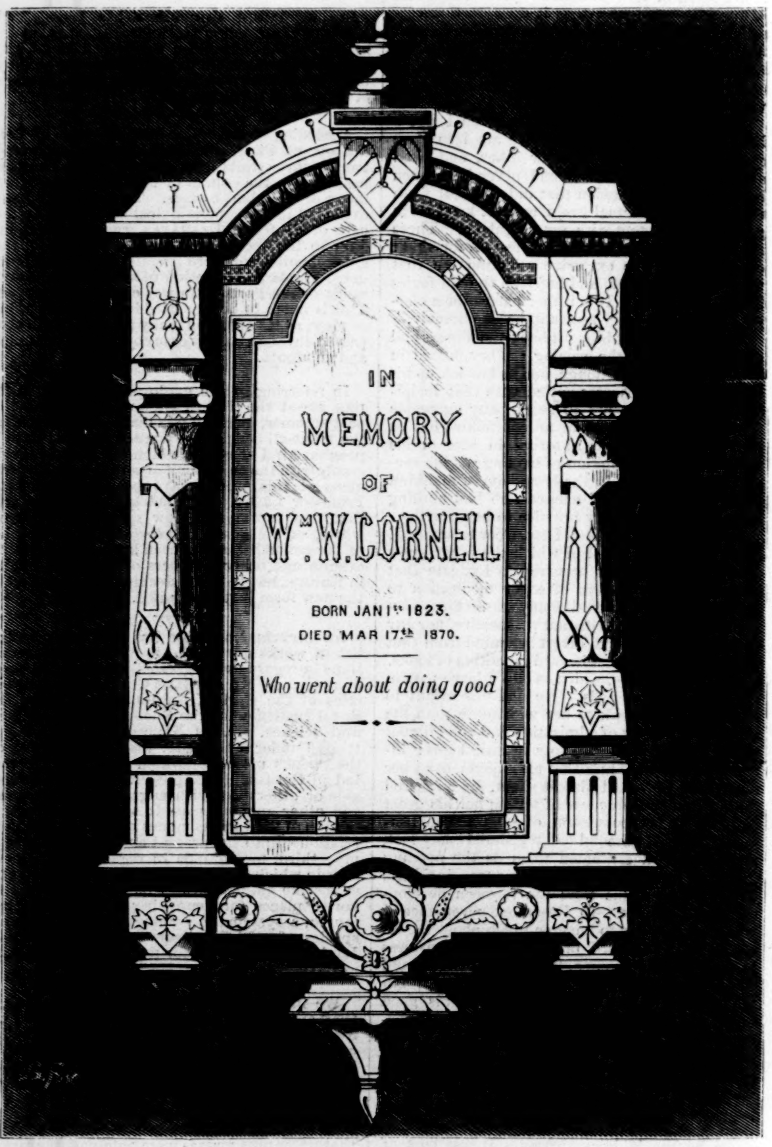
His funeral was a large one, delegations of business men from all parts of the country being present, in addition to his relatives and friends of Boston.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT CROWN POINT.

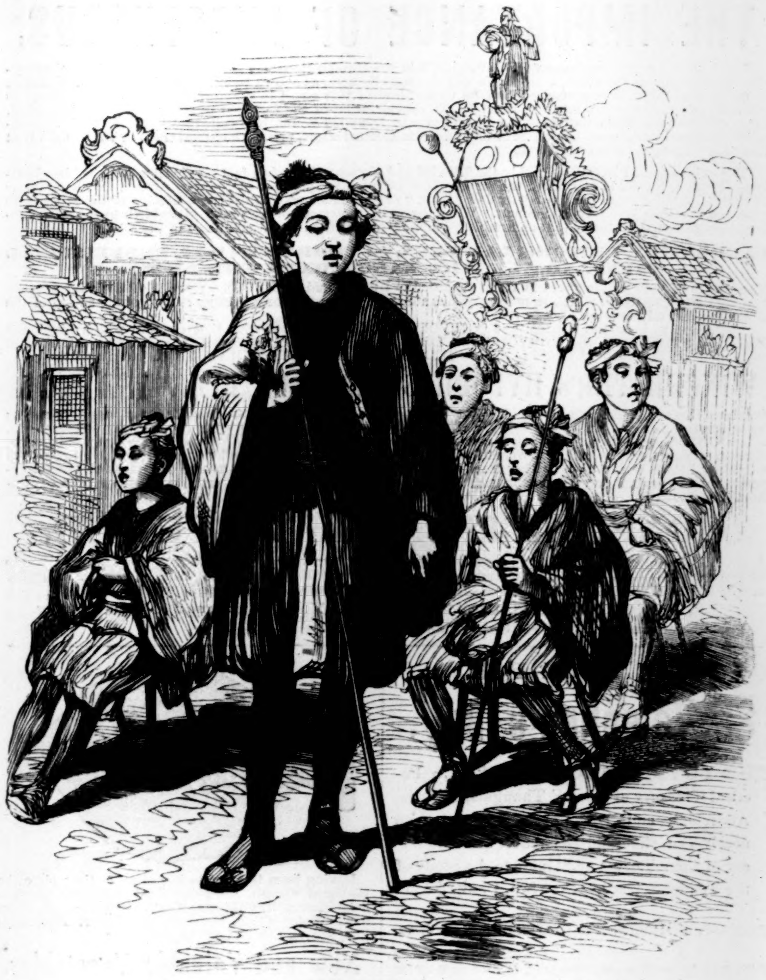
WE give on this page the picture of a monument recently erected in the beautiful town of Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, by **CHARLES F. HAMMOND**, Esq., to the memory of the volunteer soldiers and sailors of that town who died



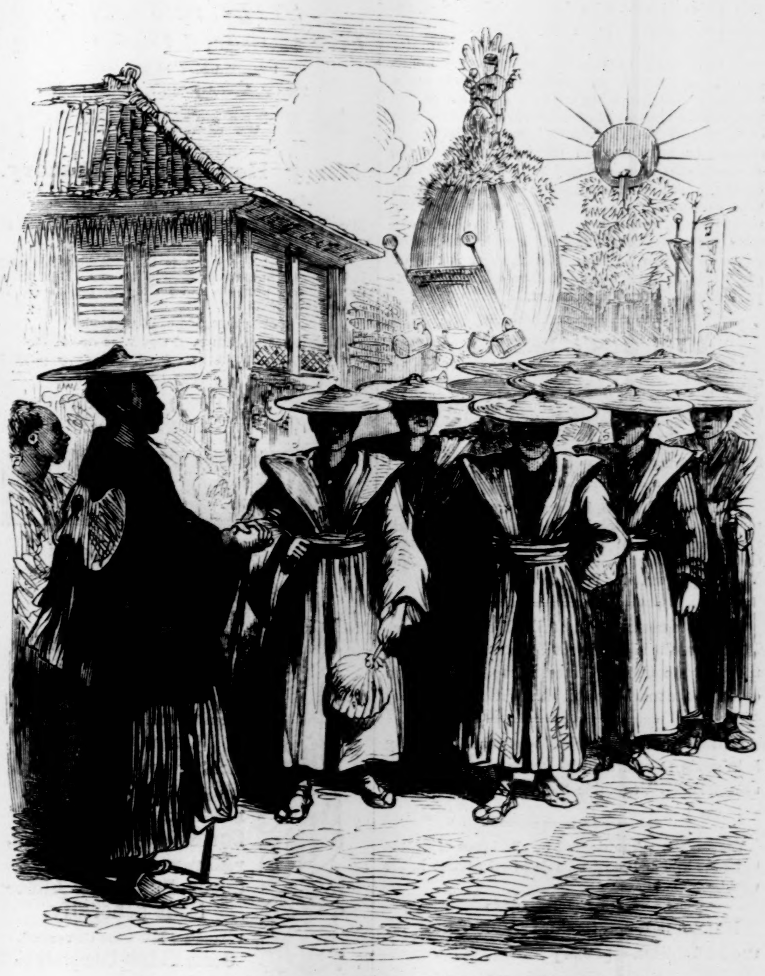
THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT CROWN POINT.



THE CORNELL TABLET IN THE PERRY ST. METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHAPEL.—[SEE PAGE 149.]



NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN—GIRLS DRESSED AS BOYS.



NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN—THE MERCHANTS IN PROCESSION.

in service during the Southern rebellion. It was constructed by the builder of the Gettysburg monument, and is of the finest Westerly granite. It is thirty-four feet in height, of graceful proportions, and for solidity and costliness scarcely surpassed by any in the country. It records the names and regiments of sixty-seven men—volunteers from one little town with a total of but 650 voters, 290 of whom served in the war. Besides the names of the deceased heroes, there is this simple inscription on the face of the shaft:

> "To the Memory of the heroic Volunteers of Crown Point, who gave their lives as a sacrifice for their Country and Humanity, in the suppression of the Great Rebellion of 1861-65, this Monument is erected by their grateful fellow-citizen, C. F. Hammond."

THE CORNELL MEMORIAL TABLET.

In connection with the history of mission enterprises in the city of New York, few names are more illustrious than that of the late William W. Cornell. The first money which he earned, when a poor lad, was devoted to the cause of spreading the Gospel of Christ, and from that time until the day of his death (which was nearly two years ago) he never ceased in the good work. Thousands of dollars were thus bestowed by him yearly, and he was never known to turn any empty away whose claims were worthy to be entertained. Of late years he was especially devoted to the interests of the New York City Sunday-School and Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for some time was its honored president. Under the auspices of this society he built the Perry Street Methodist Episcopal Chapel, at his own expense, and also contributed liberally toward its support. In grateful recognition of his munificence, a tablet, of which we give a picture on page 148, has been placed on the wall of the chapel, bearing the simple inscription:

"In Memory of Wm. W. Cornell,
Born Jan. 1st, 1823; died Mar. 17, 1870;
who went about doing good."

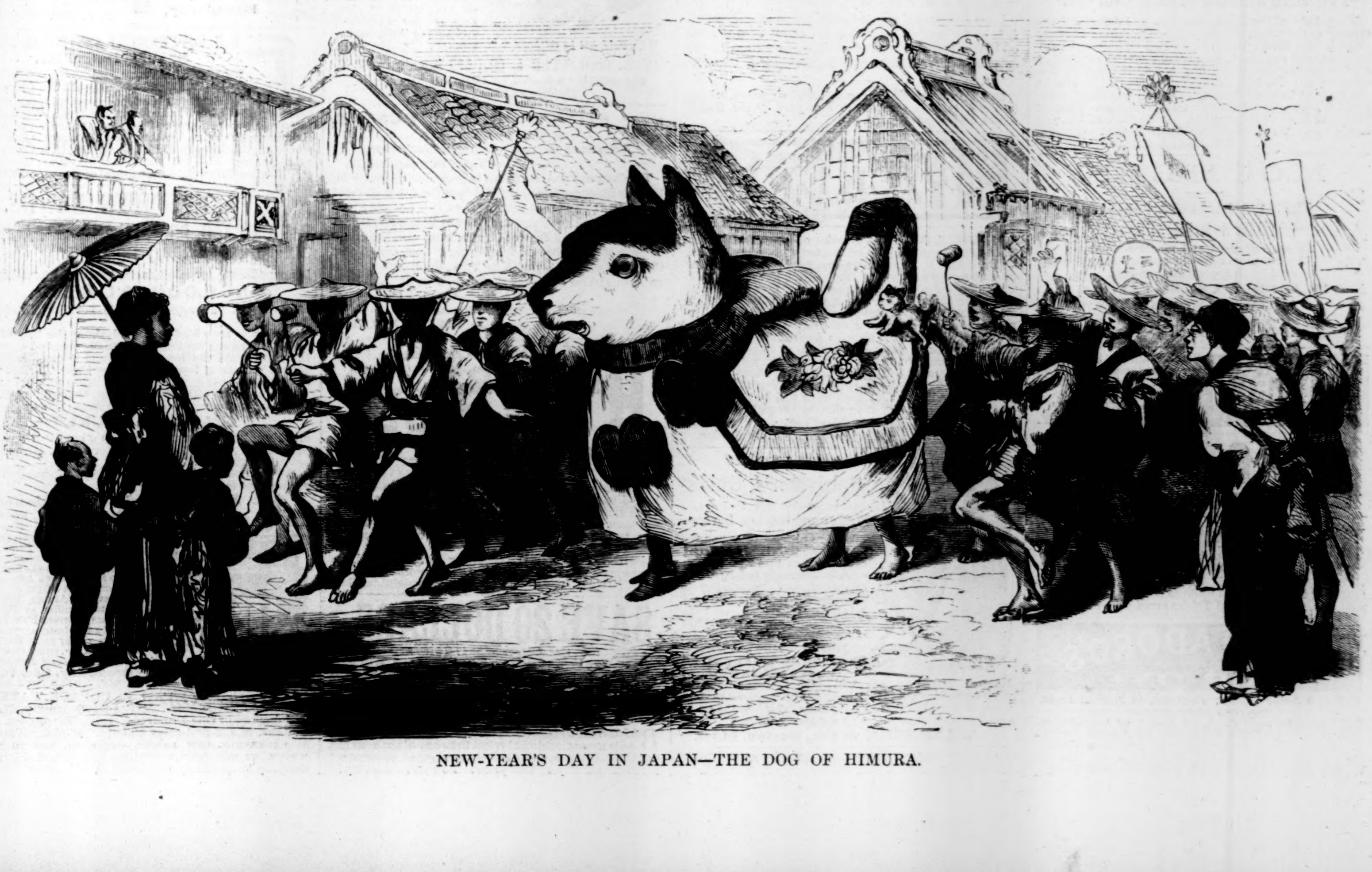
The stone is of an elaborate finish, and was designed and executed by Fanchere, Williamson, & Co., of this city. The entire expense connected therewith was borne by Mr. Henry Welsh, a personal friend of the deceased.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN.

The recurrence of New-Year's Day in Japan is hailed by the people with great joy, and is the occasion of the grandest festivities of a twelvemonth. It occurs on the first day of the first month, which, owing to the variations of the common year calendar, may correspond with the beginning of our February, or may be as late as our April. The festival procession, ceremonies, and entertainments are of endless diversity, but all are picturesque and pleasant. They are enjoyed by people of all classes, of both sexes, and of all ages, with frank and equal glee—with the single exception of those who have not the ability to make the imperative payment of every debt on New-Year's Eve.

Our illustrations on this page present a fair view of some of the most interesting features of the celebration at Yokohama. The first sketch represents a company of little girls dressed as boys, engaged in simple but pretty theatrical performances. Every boy and girl, from seven to fourteen years of age, must take part in these recitals. The performers are gathered into small companies, attended by their parents, friends, and servants. They are conducted through the streets with flags and music to the place in front of one of the temporary shrines. A few benches are set together, with boards upon them for a stage; painted screens of paper are put up for the scenery and decorations of the little theatre, and in a few minutes all is ready. The performance seldom takes more than a quarter of an hour; but as soon as the first company of children has finished, another company is ready, and the entertainment is repeated to a fresh audience. This will take place ten or twelve times over in the forenoon of a day. When the younger children are tired, their mothers or nurses take them up and lay them to rest in the palanquins, or carry them home.

One conspicuous figure in the mummery at



NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN—THE DOG OF HIMURA.

Yokohama is that of a huge wooden or pasteboard dog, supported by two boys walking beneath, like the hobby-horse of the pantomime. This is the dog of Himura, and thereby hangs a *tale*. As seen in our illustration, he is not a very interesting-looking creature; but the people who are looking on regard the show with evident delight and satisfaction. These festivities, it should be said, are all carried on under the sanction of the priesthood and of the Ottonas, or municipal superintendents of town districts, who are pictured as marching along in aldermanic state, dressed in their silk robes, each with his two swords and his flat, broad hat of lacquered paper. Altogether the day is one of great hilarity, and is looked forward to with expectations of much merriment.

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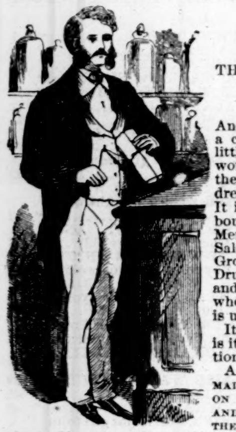

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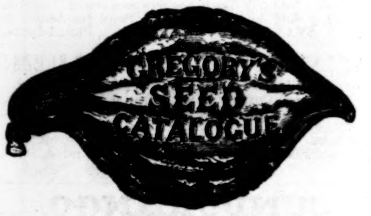

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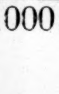

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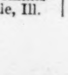

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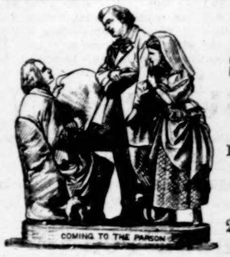

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